

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



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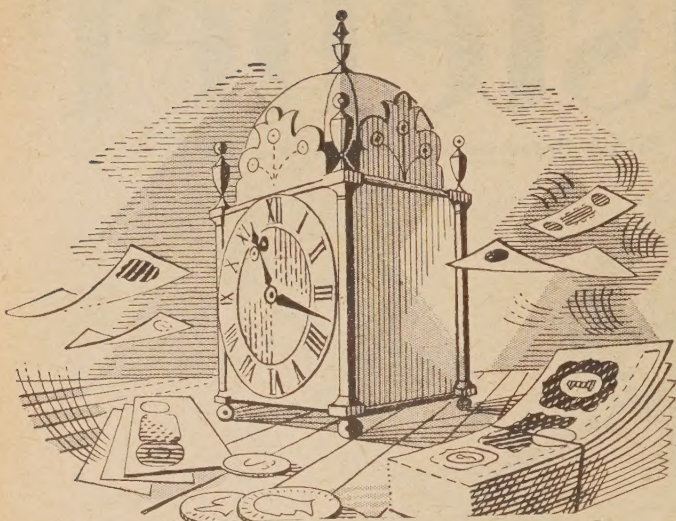
'A Youth with a Lance', by Leonardo da Vinci: from the 500th anniversary exhibition opening today at Burlington House, London

In this number:

The French Crisis and Foreign Policy (François Weymuller)

Personality and History (C. V. Wedgwood)

The Mystery of Mind and Brain (J. Z. Young)



Time and Money

Always prompt to take any opportunity for improving its service to customers, the Midland Bank led with the introduction of mechanised book-keeping and was first to instal a night safe in England. Now the Midland Bank leads again: it has begun to use machines which count bank notes with unfailing accuracy at least four times as swiftly as by hand. Since about £9 millions of cash passes over the Bank's counters every working day, the new method of counting will save much time and labour—to the ultimate benefit of the Bank's customers.

Midland Bank

OVER 2,100 BRANCHES TO SERVE YOU

A Little Adventure Cruise



THE glorious days of adventure on the Spanish Main associated with Drake and other famous Elizabethan sea-dogs are no more. That life on the high seas in that quarter of the globe is not without incident is proved by the following letter:—

Richmond, Virginia.

"I've just been on a little adventure cruise on the filthiest mongrel of a boat that ever sailed the seven seas. The Panamanian flag, not at all indicative of our breed, trailed from our stern, and half the nations were dubiously represented amidships, as we lunged about the waters of the moody Caribbean.

Chin (of the Officers' Mess) and I (of the Engineers' Mess) had frequent altercations because of a mysterious mix-up in the china of his galley and mine. Somehow a few used cups of the Officers' china were always found in my sink, and in the Officers' pantry the sink was usually a dirty mixture of Engineers' and Officers' china. After straightening out this cup mixture for the twelfth time, Chin and I declared a truce until such time as we should have discovered the secret use to which they jointly and nightly put our laboriously scrubbed cups. One evening's careful watch told us the story.

Just behind the bottles in the Mate's cabinet was a large tin of 'Ovaltine', and as he brought it out both Engineers and Officers hurried to their respective galleys, and came back loaded with purloined cups and spoons and hot water. The Chief Engineer brought out with great pride half a can of tinned milk—somehow stolen from under my very nose at breakfast, and the lot of them grouped about the centre table and began acting like small boys with stolen cider. And they were enjoying it just that much. It didn't take long the next morning to find where the Mate kept that cabinet key.

Later we found that at least half the sailors kept a great tin of 'Ovaltine' in their forecables, and still later discovered four tins of it in the bunks of the black gang. And in their nightly gambling the highest stakes they could lay were their coveted tins of 'Ovaltine'.

Interesting?

Sincerely yours,

W. S. Hutton."

The Listener

Vol. XLVII. No. 1201

Thursday March 6 1952

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

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The French Crisis and Foreign Policy

By FRANÇOIS WEYMULLER

FRANCE is in the throes of a governmental crisis once more*. Our political parties have proved unable so far to agree on the financial measures needed to balance the Budget this year. But just before it refused to pass M. Faure's financial bill the French National Assembly had voted by an impressive majority—512 votes to 104—a substantial increase in military credits for 1952. All non-communist parties thus proved that they were agreed on the principle of Atlantic rearmament, and agreed to go on with the war in Indo-China as long as no satisfactory settlement is in view. In fact, agreement looks much easier to reach, among non-communist Frenchmen, over the broad lines of our foreign policy than over any other matters.

If Gallup polls were taken more frequently to ask Frenchmen how they feel about the international situation and the foreign policy of France, I am sure that, in February, we should have read rather interesting results. By the end of 1950 and the beginning of 1951, the danger of a general war cast real anxiety over large sections of the French population. If you ask the man-in-the-street now what he thinks about it, you will find much more confidence that war can be avoided. Why?

Few people would dare to say that western rearmament can already act as an efficient deterrent against Russian aggression. Neither Russia nor America has changed its general policies much. But General MacArthur no longer rules in Tokyo. The negotiations in Korea are plodding wearily along a tortuous way, but they are advancing after all, and our papers no longer bring us news of dashing—and deadly—offensives by the Reds or by

the United Nations troops. The sixth session of the United Nations once more brought to our capital this winter crowds of diplomats, experts, and journalists from all over the world: it was not marked by any major row. Many average Frenchmen and women sat whole mornings or afternoons long, listening to the General Assembly's debates in the Chaillot theatre. Most of them came back wondering whether the show was really worth the expenditure, but they were not frightened by M. Vyshinsky's abuse or zoological comparisons. The majority of French people do not share the illusions of their communist countrymen about Russia's unalterably peaceful purposes, but many Frenchmen, rightly or wrongly, no longer fear a Russian attack in the near future. Perhaps the threat of Russian aggression was too often used as a bugbear for obtaining military credits; perhaps we realise better now that Russia can gain more by exploiting our blunders, divergences, and our difficulties in the Far East and the Middle East than by direct aggression. And, of course, we have our own special problems in the North African Protectorate. But in February the German danger was much more present in the mind of the average Frenchman than the Russian bogey: not as a danger of the present time, but as a danger of the recent past which might well loom again in the near future if no serious precautions were taken. The debate over the European army in our National Assembly brought to the fore the vision of German helmets, German guns, tanks, and aircraft—and this is a vision which most French people had hoped they would be able to forget, once and for all.

Does it mean that, as soon as Germany is involved, French people cannot swallow the implications of the schemes for Euro-

* Broadcast on March 3

pean unity which have been put forward by their Governments since the end of the war? It would be unfair to say this. True, there are in France, as in all countries which have suffered from German aggression in the recent past, people who hate the Germans: too many of them have good reasons for that, as they still bear in their flesh and soul the mark of sufferings which no human being could blame them for remembering. But I do not believe that they are a majority. On the contrary, it was a sincere desire to bury, once and for all, the old hatreds and the danger of a war between France and Germany, which promoted in France the idea of European unity. Between the wars, many French ex-Servicemen had been active in the movements which tried to foster a real Franco-German reconciliation. They supported the policy of Aristide Briand, who was during so many years the Foreign Secretary of France, and who proposed the first plan for a European Confederation. The hopes they had pinned on Briand's policy were cruelly disappointed when this plan failed to be supported by Great Britain and when Hitler's accession made a Franco-German *rapprochement* practically impossible.

Living Together with the Germans

Nevertheless, the idea was not killed, even by the last war, even by the German occupation of France. Germany's admission to the Council of Europe would have been accepted by almost the whole of French opinion, had it not been for communist opposition to any scheme for the unification of western Europe. To the average non-communist Frenchman, the German problem at that time roughly appeared as follows: 'We and the Germans are neighbours; we are bound to live together, therefore we must come to some sort of arrangement. Europe is too weak now and threatened by too many dangers; we cannot allow ourselves to remain divided. We must unite, and thus form a bloc which is the only means of counterbalancing the enormous Russian and American forces'.

For a few Frenchmen, a united Europe would become a Third Force between Russia and America; for others, more numerous, it would enable the European countries to play a more influential part in the Atlantic community. These are the very simple and general ideas which the French Governments had to translate into practical terms during the three or four last years; they were behind the plan for a European assembly which led to the creation of the Council of Europe, and they were behind the Schuman Plan, which was envisaged from the beginning as an insurance against war between France and Germany, as well as an economic grand design to foster industrial production in western Europe, and to raise the standard of living of the populations. The plan for a coal and steel pool, although it added a concrete incentive to the ideal of a European Federation, aroused mixed feelings in French industrial quarters. But the debate over the Schuman Plan was not considered as a really dangerous issue for the Government. It was ratified by a very strong majority: apart from a few right-wing deputies, only the communists and supporters of General de Gaulle voted against it.

All this is proof that political or economic union with Germany within a wider European structure is acceptable to the majority of French opinion. Military co-operation is quite another matter. A German national army, under German command: no French cabinet could make such a proposition to our National Assembly, so soon after the horrors of German occupation. It was clear from the beginning that there would be strong opposition in France even against any European device by which German soldiers would be rearmed. About six months ago, a Gallup poll indicated that only forty-two per cent of those interrogated were in favour of the European army project, twenty-six per cent. against it, and thirty-two per cent. were uncertain about it. The recent debate over the European army has shown clearly to what extent French objections to the project as it stood overrode party divisions. For the first time since the end of the war, a cabinet was within an inch of falling over an issue of foreign policy. Finally, the Government was able to rally a majority in favour of the European army

—but a majority much smaller than for the Schuman Plan—and only under a number of precise conditions which were included in the final resolution.

These conditions show clearly that the predominant feeling in France towards Germany is distrust—a distrust which has been increased by the recent flare-up of nationalism in the German Parliament over the Saar, by the new claim for admission with equal rights into the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, and by other untimely German demands. When he read the headlines in the evening papers two or three weeks ago, the man-in-the-street wondered: 'Where is all this going to stop? The more you give them, the more they will ask for, over and over again. What is going to happen with this European army?' Political observers answered: 'The Germans will be the strongest element in the European army. Such a large proportion of our officers and non-commissioned officers are fighting in Indo-China that we shall not be able to set up enough French divisions to offset the weight of the German forces. There will be fully-fledged German divisions, whereas the original French plan envisaged only much smaller units merged into international divisions. When their divisions are well-trained and well-armed with brand-new American weapons, nothing will prevent the Germans from using the first pretext to withdraw from the European Defence Community. Everything will have been prepared underground to regroup the German divisions, a German general staff will be ready. And the Americans will finally give way, as they have done for so many limitations on German activities since the end of the war'. Hence the desire to obtain a promise by the United States and by Great Britain that any attempt by a German government to withdraw from the European Defence Community would meet the opposition of the three Western Allies.

There is a sentence in the final resolution voted by the French Assembly which says that British participation in the European Army would be the best way of alleviating French concern over the rearming of German soldiers. It is a tribute paid to British dependability, and it somehow expresses the regret of those Frenchmen who, after the victory over Germany, hoped that Britain would take the lead in federating a democratic Europe. Can we still expect British participation in a European federation?

Whatever the link between the British forces and the European army, we believe that a strict limitation on German armaments production will be necessary to make sure that the military power of Germany will not be allowed to grow freely and independently. But how long can a limitation on German industrial production be maintained in the present state of Europe? That is the question—which probably only the Americans could answer. It is a misfortune that, owing to the fear of Russian aggression, the problem of rearming German soldiers has become entangled with the efforts to promote a United Europe. As one of the best American journalists remarked recently: 'There has been a notable deterioration in Franco-German relations ever since the good beginning of the Schuman Plan was interrupted by our insistence on German rearmament'. Normally, the creation of a federal army should have come later, and it is not yet sure that it will not wreck the whole plan to wipe out for ever the old Franco-German hostility.

Influence of the War in Indo-China

It is also a tragedy that France is at present so tied up in the plight of Asiatic defence that she cannot concentrate her efforts on Europe. The campaign against the Viet-Minh rebels in Indo-China keeps our forces there fully deployed. More than 6,000 French officers and more than 25,000 French non-commissioned officers are fighting in Indo-China; more than 1,000 French officers have been killed there since the beginning of the war. And the expenditure for 1952 is estimated at about £400,000,000, almost thirty per cent. of our military budget. This is why we cannot play our due part in European defence. And this is why we have been obliged to accept the idea of rearming German soldiers. But not at all costs; not without the necessary guarantees.—*Home Service*

Where Russia and Turkey Meet

By LORD KINROSS

WE had got there, after a rough journey in a jeep across the sun-washed, Asiatic prairie. This, at last, was the long-forgotten Armenian capital of Ani, once one of the great Christian cities of the east. Its brown, fortress walls glowed darkly against the golden grassland. Scattered within them were the ruins of early Christian churches and chapels of a striking and unfamiliar shape: drum-like buildings, most of them, with domes inside and tall, conical roofs outside. It was an architecture with a mystery of its own: a new style—or so it seemed—struggling to be born under the inspiration of a new religion, from the rival impulses of east and west.

But, for the moment, I was drawn involuntarily to the stream which bounded the east side of the ruined city. For beyond this stream lay a more momentous and more urgent mystery: a race of people of whose present lives we know almost less than we know of the lives of those Armenian Christians, 1,500 years ago. I made a gesture towards the opposite bank of the stream. But the Turkish officer hurriedly checked me. 'Don't point', he said. 'Please don't point'. I recalled the injunctions of the nursery: 'It's rude to point at strangers'. Rude, in this case, to Russia. For that was Russia, 200 yards away across the gully which the swift, narrow river had carved for itself through the rolling downland. This stream, the muddy Arpaçay, or Barley River, was once the frontier between Armenia and Georgia. Today it is nothing less than the Iron Curtain itself, dividing the slave world from the free. The Turkish officer gave a guffaw. 'The Russians', he said, 'choose to be suspicious of us. We have meetings with them, once every two months or so, to discuss any frontier problems which may crop up, and they like to produce a dossier of trivial incidents, to suggest that we are threatening the peace. They are watching us now, of course, and if you point they may easily lodge a complaint that a tall man, disguised as a civilian, apparently a foreigner, was acting in an aggressive manner towards them'.

I looked down the grassy Turkish slope and up the identical Russian slope opposite. The landscape here undulates to the foot of the two-pronged Russian peak

of Alagöz, rival sentinel to the Turkish dome of Ararat, and the Barley River makes a break which seems purely accidental in its otherwise unbroken continuity. This stretch of the Iron Curtain is the only stretch—apart from a brief, frozen stretch in the far north of Norway—where no buffer satellite separates Russia from the west. It is about 250 miles long: 250 miles where an Atlantic power stands face to face with the Soviet Union's Asiatic might. As a defence commitment the frontier is a good deal shorter, for most of it is defended, by nature, by some of the highest mountains in this very mountainous corner of Asia. Armies have come this way, in the past, as one can see from the ruined Georgian and Armenian castles, perched on their giddiest strategic pinnacles, but for a modern army a major invasion of this north-



The valley of the River Aras (the classical Araxes) which forms part of the frontier between Russia and Turkey



The Turkish garrison city of Kars

east corner of Turkey would be out of the question. Nor, because of the continuing mountain barrier, is a major sea-borne invasion across the Black Sea likely. The arid, rocky mountains to the south-east, around Ararat and Lake Van, are equally impassable. But in between these two great natural bastions lies this open stretch of plateau, about sixty miles wide, which is well enough suited to the steam-roller tactics of a modern army. This is the way the Russians have come, in four successive invasions of Asia Minor; and this, the Turks assume, is the way they will come again, if they decide on a fifth.

The invasion area forms a triangular wedge, thrusting westwards, with the frontier as its base and the main Turkish stronghold of Erzurum as its apex. Near the centre of the base is the garrison city of Kars, which almost inevitably falls to Russia in the event of invasion. It remained Russian for a generation, between the Congress of Berlin and the first world war, and though its frowning, rocky citadel is Turkish, many of its heavy, black-stone buildings were built by the Russians. From Kars westwards to Erzurum, a distance of about 150 miles, the plateau narrows to a single valley, between converging ranges of mountains, providing a natural line of strategic retreat. Just in front

of Erzurum itself the mountains fling a wall across, to close it. Thus Erzurum is a natural fortress, of considerable strength. The Turks, during the past few years, have turned it into a fortress of steel, and year by year are improving its road communications. It is their main military base in eastern Turkey, and the rolling downs around it are thickly scarred with army camps and depots, rather like Salisbury Plain in war time. During the long winter the whole of this country is paralysed by ice and snow and by temperatures which are sometimes as low as in Siberia. It is a season when only Alpine troops can operate: those troops which I had seen set off to climb Mount Ararat as an annual routine exercise. But in the summer, when I was there, the plains of Erzurum hum with military activity.

The Turkish Army

Roughly a third of the Turkish Army is based in these eastern regions. How far can it claim to be a really modern force? That is the question. Its human material is admirable. The Turk is a born fighter: he likes fighting for fighting's sake. The life of the common soldier is hard. His pay amounts only to a few shillings a month. His family supplement this as a matter of course, and support his wife, if he has one, regarding his service rather as a form of dedication to the state. But he has little to spend his money on. He does not as a rule drink alcohol; his cigarettes cost him 1½d. for twenty; he can travel, at least on the roads, for next to nothing. He is fed and clothed and housed, in barracks which are usually clean, sleeping dormitory-wise on a carpet, as he probably does at home. He is well fed, being entitled to ten ounces of meat a day, with ample fats and vegetables, rice and cheese. He may be better fed than the Russian soldier across the frontier. So, at least, my Turkish officer claimed; but then he shuddered with proper Moslem disgust at the fact that the Russian soldier eats pig. Finally, the Turkish soldier's prospects of promotion have improved. He can now rise from the ranks to become a corporal or sergeant; the Turkish sergeant-major can rise to be an officer; and among the senior officers are many younger men than before. The rigid outlook of the Old Brigade is modifying.

On the walls of every Turkish barracks are printed slogans: 'A man is proud to call himself a Turk'; 'The Turk in war is the bravest of all people'. There are no false heroics about these slogans. They reflect the unquestioning patriotism of every Turk, and his unshakable belief in his own fighting capacity. The Turk still has the heroic conception of war. The soldier who is posted to Korea considers that he has struck lucky; he is genuinely envied by his companions; and when he gets back he is crowned with laurels and feted as a national hero. A battle, to the Turk, still means a hand-to-hand fight, and his instinctive pantomime gesture of killing Russians is still a downward thrust, as though delivered from horseback with a spear. But he is becoming mechanically minded, as I certainly found as I travelled throughout the country in buses and lorries. As a mechanic he may be resourceful rather than provident. But his army today does claim to have a force of 30,000 trained technicians. If it has a deficiency it probably lies rather in the field of supply and maintenance; and also, perhaps, in an excess of courage. There is a danger that the Turks may try to fight to the last man rather than budge an inch in a strategic retreat. On the other hand, they are busily training guerrillas.

What have they to face, across that sixty-mile stretch of frontier? I asked my Turkish officer, and he guffawed again. 'I suppose', he said, 'that we have a platoon to each one of their companies and a company to each one of their battalions'. But then he told me of some frontier incident when a single Turkish soldier had killed five Russian soldiers in defence of a disputed water-cap. It was the kind of story I often heard, to prove the infinite fighting superiority of the Turk to the Russian. Still, the Turks are realists, who know only too well that they are heavily outnumbered. On the eastern front alone, based largely on Leninakan and Erivan, the Russians have a force of perhaps twenty-five divisions, which is slightly larger than the whole of the Turkish Army—east, west, and centre—put together. About a quarter of this force has been recruited from among Georgians and Armenians, who can be counted on to fight the Turks with enthusiasm. Apart from the Azerbaijanis, there is little if any recruiting from populations of Turkish stock: indeed, they are said to have been transported altogether from this frontier area, to other parts of Russia. Some Turkish villagers recall that one night they heard a terrible commotion, followed by an uncanny silence, from a Russian village just across the frontier. Its inhabitants, who were largely of Turkish origin, had been removed from their homes, never to return.

During my journey I touched the Russian frontier at various points. Everywhere it was quiet. I could find little evidence of espionage from the Russian side. There is no trace of a fifth column in Turkey, and the secret police, a relic of the Ataturk regime, is thoroughly efficient. On the Black Sea coast, towards Batum, are many Turks who lived and worked in Russia until fifteen years ago, and who still have relatives there. Here there has been a certain infiltration of Turks from Russia, as Soviet agents. But with some this was a pretext for getting out of Russia, and others have been for the most part rounded up. There is undoubtedly scope for fifth-column activity among the Kurds, further south along the more unruly Persian frontier. But there is little concrete sign of this; and the Turkish Kurds have no very great love for the Russians, and are for the present reasonably quiet.

No: all I found to threaten the peace were those minor accidents which can arise on any frontier, however placable. A Turkish horse or cow violates Soviet sovereignty and is either shot or, after an interminable palaver, solemnly returned. The frontier river, meandering like its Ionian counterpart, the Meander, changes its course, and a Turkish peasant is shot by a Russian guard for ploughing a scrap of land, legally Russian, from which it has receded. To the north of Kars the frontier leaves the river and becomes, in effect, a curtain of iron or, at least, of barbed wire. Through a gateway in the wire the railway runs, from Kars to Leninakan. Two Turkish trains a week run through to the first Russian station, where their passengers, an occasional diplomat or so, are transferred to a Russian train. This is the only regular communication between Turkey and Russia.

Further south, towards Ararat, I drove along the frontier in an ordinary civilian bus, for about twenty miles. The Iron Curtain here is the valley of a wider river, the Aras, which was the classical Araxes. It waters a fertile cotton-growing plain, half in Russia beneath the slopes of Alagöz, half in Turkey beneath the slopes of Ararat. Fifteen years ago a dam was built, by joint agreement, to irrigate both sides. But Russia now takes all the water, demanding 1,000,000 dollars—which the Turks will not pay—for the release of the Turkish share. As I rattled along the river-bank in my bus I saw no Russian buses doing the same. For the Russian 'villages' which we passed at intervals, so uncannily near and yet so far, were really military posts. Here lies the significant difference between the two sides of the Iron Curtain. The Turkish peasant, with defiant indifference, lives and ploughs his land right up to the river bank or the frontier wire. But the Russians have moved most of their villages some miles to the rear, creating a kind of No Man's Land, behind the frontier wire, where no peasant may till the soil. Often they urge the Turks to do the same, and so avoid the risk of incidents. But the Turkish reply is obvious. 'We are', they say, 'a democracy. Our people may live where they like and plough whatever land is theirs'. This is no empty phrase. The Turks say that the Russians, all along the frontier wire, have a strip of land which is ploughed and raked but never sown: a tell-tale strip where any footprint can at once be seen. Whether or not this is true, the story is symbolic. The Russians, along this stretch of the Iron Curtain, certainly seem more concerned to keep Russians from getting out than to keep Turks from coming in. During the past two years only two have, in fact, got out. One was a staff officer, armed with plans; the other was a peasant girl of sixteen, armed with a heavy sack. The sack was filled with loaves of hard, black bread.

Political Instinct of the Peasant

This girl must have been surprised by the new world in which she found herself. In the country around Kars the peasants load the visitor with fresh bread, butter, honey, and two kinds of cheese, and meat and vegetables are plentiful. But she must have been surprised by other things, too. Two years ago the peasants of Anatolia turned out their rulers by the simple expedient of putting a vote into a box. Today they are shrewdly watching and weighing up their new rulers, quite ready to turn them out, in another two years' time, if they do not give them adequate roads, and safeguards against crop-failure, and better markets for their sheep and cattle, and so forth. Radio Ankara plays an important part in the lives of these peasants, just as Radio Moscow may do in the lives of the peasants across the river. But there is a certain difference between the programmes. In Anatolia, shortly before bedtime, the rather mournful Turkish music stops, and the peasants in the coffee-shops gather more closely around the radio. For half an hour or more they listen to a voice from Ankara. The voice is summarising the day's debate in Parliament, 800 miles away. The peasants listen; and afterwards, in their slow, gruff way, they start to argue and to criticise.

Often I have sat in a coffee-shop, the centre of a circle of wary-eyed peasants not telling me of parochial matters but asking me for my views on international affairs. 'Why don't the Americans help Chiang Kai-shek? . . . Will the French Army ever be any good? . . . Why don't the United Nations drop the atom bomb now?' To these men, illiterate as they are, the United Nations really means something, and it seems the most natural thing in the world that their sons should be fighting the Communists in Korea, at the other end of the globe, instead of here on their own doorsteps. There is a wise, eternal quality about the Anatolian peasant. In 5,000 years he has lived through pretty well every civilisation, eastern and western. And for 600 of those years he was the citizen—or, at least, the soldier—of a large empire. All this has given him a certain maturity of political instinct and an independence of spirit. His Ottoman rulers taxed and conscripted him, but they never enslaved him as the Russian peasant has been enslaved. Today he is sturdily conscious of an increased freedom, of the gulf separating

his way of life from that of his neighbour across the Barley River.

My last glimpse of Russia was at night, from a shoulder of Mount Ararat. I looked downwards across the plain and saw, coming nearer, or so it seemed as we climbed higher, a cluster of lights which was Erivan—the capital of Soviet Armenia. My companions in the bus saw it too, and there was a general murmur of mingled awe, speculation, and contempt: 'Erivan! . . . Erivan! . . . Erivan!' Stalin has re-enveloped half the world in mystery just at the moment when almost all of it was known. Thus the light of Erivan, and the lives of its inhabitants, seem today more mysterious than Lhasa, or Mecca, or Mount Everest, or the Matto Grosso. I remembered the last words of my Turkish officer. 'Do you know', he said to me, 'when I look at Russia, barricaded behind this frontier, I begin to believe that she must really be afraid of us. I don't mean only afraid of our soldiers; I mean afraid of our democracy'. It was tempting to believe that this could be the solution of the mystery.—*From a talk in the Third Programme*

Europe as a Bridge Between East and West*

By the Rt. Hon. HAROLD WILSON, M.P.

FOR a century past, our American friends have never failed to speak frankly about the impact of Europe on America: we have a duty to speak equally frankly now about the impact of America on Europe. In the nineteen-fifties we are facing so many and great dangers—to world peace, to our economic stability, to our standard of living—that we must speak out frankly about all these dangers. That America is taking so close and intimate an interest in European affairs should be welcome. The world, and especially Europe, is still paying dearly for the war, and although the blame for that war must be laid at many doors, there is no doubt that an active American interest in world affairs, and a real concern for collective security, could have been effective in maintaining peace twelve years ago. The United States *is* in Europe now, *is* concerned with Europe's problems, for good or ill: I think for good. But there are three facts we must remember.

First, in economic affairs—and in an earlier broadcast Mr. Boothby said that economic power is the foundation of political power—the United States is not only wealthier, more powerful than any European nation: she has widened the gap in the past twelve years. Most European nations came out of the war a great deal poorer: America came out a great deal richer. And the most important economic effects of the war were just these which disrupted the economies of western Europe and made them more dependent on North America, not just for a year or two after the war but, it is now clear, for a generation to come.

The second basic fact is that America, as a world power, needs Europe as much as Europe needs America. That means that we should get away from the idea that we must, to use Mr. Churchill's phrase, follow America 'at all costs'. The United States comes to Europe as a partner, an ally, not as a rich uncle in a mood of precarious generosity. So, thirdly, we have not merely a right, but a duty, to speak frankly and say when we think America is acting in a way that puts unnecessary strains on that partnership, on that alliance: we would expect her to speak equally frankly when she thinks that any actions of ours imperil our joint enterprise of preserving peace and promoting prosperity—and she generally does speak frankly.

Let us look first at the economic realities. The fundamental fact, and it will be with us for a very long time, is the great lack of balance between the dollar and the non-dollar world. Mr. Hutton has dealt with some of the causes of this. It will not be put right easily—or quickly. America, whose economic behaviour in so many things has shown real statesmanship—Marshall Aid for example—has still to learn the full duties of a creditor nation. In the nineteenth century Britain was the creditor nation: we recognised our responsibilities in two ways. We kept an open door, in the shape of free trade, to the products of the rest of the world, and we invested capital abroad on a prodigious scale, without always seeking every security that it would be repaid. The United States is still a high-tariff country: goods are allowed in, but when the point is approached where domestic industries are imperilled, protection becomes effective, no matter what the consequences may be for world

trade. Nor, in this confused, disrupted post-war world—and we can all understand the difficulties—has America come to play anything like a creditor's part in overseas investment. There is another danger, too: her very size is such that any variations in her level of economic activity have an immediate and a disproportionate effect on the rest of the world. A slight slump, or recession, and the rest of the world is plunged into chaos: a quickening of economic activity, and the rest of the world goes short of raw materials, as the whole world's produce is sucked into the great American productive machine.

Marshall Aid was an act of statesmanship, finely conceived and finely carried out. It was a much-needed blood transfusion to a Europe bled white by the war. It was designed to promote European recovery and European co-operation, and practically all the strings attached were, rightly, in the form of an insistence on measures designed to help Europe's recovery. Perhaps it is true that other American departments tended to pull in the opposite direction, or to consume time and thought pursuing such a will-o'-the-wisp as a European customs union. And when the prime objective was the ability of Europe to stand on its own feet, pressure to force non-discriminating trade and to weaken preferential trade systems (such as our own Imperial Preference) was wrongly conceived. But then schizophrenia is the occupational disease of all governments and the U.S. Government suffers from it more than most, owing to the American Constitution and the absence of a cabinet system. For all that, Marshall Aid, the Economic Co-operation Administration, and its European foster-child, O.E.E.C., have had a beneficial impact on Europe, perhaps far more than most Americans realise.

It is in the past eighteen months that, I believe, the American impact on Europe has given rise to most misgivings. The world boom and the scramble for materials—here we have seen a progressive development of American willingness to introduce international fair shares in basic materials, but not a corresponding willingness to take the internal measures necessary to restrict American domestic consumption and investment, and thus avoid disrupting the economies of the rest of the world. And American insistence on European re-armament programmes has—it is now clear to everyone—gone far to undermine the economic system, and the social standards of the countries of western Europe. 'Thinking big' is in danger of letting communism in by the back door, while we are striving to bar the front. And now U.S. Military Aid, the successor to Marshall Aid, is carrying with it all the strings that Marshall Aid avoided. There is the Battle Act, with its peremptory instructions to recipients of aid that they shall not trade with eastern Europe in a manner which America—the sole judge—considers prejudicial to her own strategic interests. This is open to objections not only on economic grounds—western Europe needs the food and raw materials of eastern Europe—it has been criticised by the right-wing paper *The Economist* for establishing the wrong relationship between partners and allies.

(continued on page 391)

* The fourth of nine talks on 'The Impact of American Power on Europe'

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

Public Faces

‘WHAT was he really like?’ our friends ask us after we have been to see a great man. ‘Well’, we usually reply, ‘he was extremely nice to me’. Of course he was—or ought to have been. Why not? We are all familiar today with the art of public relations. And the man who abuses his secretary or his chauffeur rarely does himself much good. Orders are orders, but they can be given with a smile. That is why the saying that ‘no man is a hero to his own valet’ is one of the most foolish of generalisations. But what one requires to know is not whether the great are polite or charming, but what the ‘real man’ is like underneath. In a series of broadcast talks, of which we publish the first this week, Miss C. V. Wedgwood approaches the problem as a historian. She reminds us that the characters of the great often take on a legendary aspect owing to the approach of those who write about them. And as in their lifetime great men have public faces and manners and private methods and characteristics, so the famous dead were of course real people confronting contemporary problems in a contemporary manner, though they might have been wracked by the same emotions and desires as ourselves.

That theme evidently lends itself to infinite illustration. Any historian or biographer could produce a pet case. Take the first Duke of Marlborough, for instance. No man was more charming, more courteous to his colleagues, or more considerate to his servants. If one were to judge alone from his diplomatic interviews or his official correspondence no man had less to conceal. And yet his life was filled with constant embarrassments, intrigues, and personal difficulties. Raised to power by King James II, his military genius had crushed the rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth against his master. Yet when he accompanied King James to repel the invasion of William of Orange, he was already in secret communication with William and went over to his side at the most convenient opportunity. Then when William came to the throne, he entered into clandestine correspondence with King James in exile and gave him lavish promises of help to regain his throne. Under Queen Anne, Marlborough commanded the British army and inflicted signal defeats on the French enemy. Yet, once again, across the lines he entered into secret correspondence with the Jacobites and offered to aid the French to make peace. Who then was the real Marlborough? Was he a hero or a villain?

Historians and biographers like to take sides. Much play has been made in the universities in recent years with the idea of ‘scientific history’. But the author is always a man with feelings, with a religion, a political allegiance, or a form of patriotism that colours the very adjectives that pour from his pen. And indeed if it were not so, history itself would be colourless. Biographers without a point of view cannot write good biography and historians without a theme to expound become mere chroniclers. Yet the legends need to be disentangled: then personalities fall into their places. Readers of Chester Wilmot’s *The Struggle for Europe* can see, for example, how the personalities of the war on the allied side who in the time of crux seemed to most of us to be simple heroes were actors in a complex drama of conflicting prides and prejudices. But the difficulty is that not only have most of the great public and private faces, but they have many of them; and not until we are allowed to peer into their most intimate correspondence, can we detect all that there were. And even then they may not have set their true selves on paper. And if they did not, their personalities may vanish forever.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the French crisis

THE FALL OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT ousted most other topics from newspapers in France, some of which (of both left and right) were quoted as being indignant at the Assembly’s behaviour. The Catholic conservative *Le Figaro* considered that the Assembly had been guilty of demagoguery: common sense demanded that the crisis be avoided and that new and heavy taxation be imposed to rectify France’s economic situation. The left independent *Combat* was quoted as saying:

It is unthinkable that an Assembly ready to vote expenditure should refuse to vote income. It is easy to promise no taxes and protection of prices, promises which imply the surrender of elementary duties imposed by the mandate of legislation. The time has come for truth or chaos. We have not a moment to lose. A national policy is necessary, based on what must be achieved.

The radical socialist *L’Aurore*, on the other hand, was quoted for the opinion that the government was bound to fail in obtaining a majority because it reverted to ‘a policy condemned by years of failure’. The near-communist *Libération* was quoted as finding the solution simple:

A majority can be found to vote war expenditure, but none to vote corresponding income. Our solution is the suppression of this war expenditure. As long as the useless war in Indo-China is carried on, as long as the exaggerated Atlantic armament race goes on, we must banish all hope. War policy or life policy—we must choose.

This solution was in line with that proposed by broadcasts from Moscow and the rest of the communist world, which exulted over the prophecy that the French Government’s defeat would no doubt bring to nothing the agreements reached at the N.A.T.O. conference in Lisbon.

Moscow broadcasts continued to emphasise that the decisions taken in Lisbon provided proof of the ‘aggressive’ nature of the North Atlantic alliance. *Pravda* was quoted as forecasting:

These contradictions will become still more intense when the United States aggressors show their hands and try to give their west German favourites the role of supervisors over a western Europe shackled in American chains.

Much was also made in Moscow broadcasts of the criticisms of the Lisbon decisions voiced in the western press. According to one broadcast, British and French newspapers were openly admitting that the plans laid down could not be fulfilled. The American press, on the other hand (as quoted from the United States), was loud in praise of the ‘truly remarkable accomplishment’ at the Lisbon conference. The *New York Herald Tribune* was quoted as commenting:

N.A.T.O. is as remarkable as the British Commonwealth; it may well be as significant for the future of the United Nations. It has created an effective, operating coalition for peace, closer than many of those which have been flung together under the pressure of war. . . . In three years something new has been brought forth in the world. . . . One may look with confidence to its steady future growth.

Broadcasts from Moscow, Peking, and the rest of the communist world last week reiterated the accusation, again and again, that America had used bacteriological warfare in Korea. ‘Disease-bearing flies, fleas, ticks . . . grasshoppers, and spiders’ were said to have been dropped from United States aircraft. This criminal act, said a Moscow broadcast to North America, had ‘aroused a wrathful protest on the part of peace-loving people throughout the world, especially Asia’. According to Budapest radio, ‘history has never known such barbarians as the United States imperialists’, and according to Bucharest radio:

These crimes tear down the last mask that has concealed the deadly hatred of the imperialists for the Korean people who are defending their freedom.

From China, the *People’s Daily* was quoted as saying:

The people of China and of the whole world must cry out in the name of justice against the ghastly crimes of American aggressors that are daily intensifying and threatening mankind with annihilation. We can give no quarter to the American murderers who are carrying on germ-warfare and who massacre our prisoners-of-war.

British troops in Korea were likewise taken to task in a Polish broadcast in English which alleged that they had ‘committed one of the most shamefully barbarous acts’ of the Korean war when a ‘thunderous twenty-one-gun salute of live twenty-five-pounder shells, fired into the Korean lines, officially told men of the British Commonwealth Division that the reign of Queen Elizabeth II had begun’.

Did You Hear That?

THE OLD INDIA

'To A EUROPEAN the first plunge into India is a major intellectual shock', said Dr. ERIC ASHBY in a Northern Ireland Home Service talk. 'To come at it gently, let me set you down first in the countryside, 100 miles from any big city. Rice and sugar-cane in a patchwork of small fields, red soil; dust thick on the leaves; a straight road lined with banyan trees, and the road streaming with people. That is the first shock of India: the incredible number of people. Even in the country the road is never free of them. Women in bright cotton saris—yellow, maroon, scarlet—gold ornaments in their nostrils, bangles on their ankles, all carrying burdens on their heads: bright brass water jars, or baskets of nuts and fruit, or six-foot bundles of sugar cane; walking with proud dignity (as you have to if you are balancing a gallon of water on your head); barefoot and silent. Men with white cotton *dhotis* tucked into their waists, also barefoot, silent, carrying burdens too; bedsteads, farm implements, a basket of chickens. Beggars and priests, with white and red streaks of paint on their foreheads, saffron clothes; black-bearded, with challenging, fanatical eyes. Children, thousands of them, following their mothers. This endless, barefoot, silent procession walking over the roads of India is the first pattern of the kaleidoscope.

'The city is quite another pattern. Continuous noise of bicycle bells and cars, pushing their way through crowds like market-day crowds at home; no footpath; thousands of tiny shops open to the street. Each shop is like a room with the fourth wall missing, like a room on the stage: stacks of brass kitchenware, or cotton cloths, or steaming cooked foods on oily black metal trays, heated below with charcoal. And in every open shop-front a man, cross-legged, gazing day after day out on to the moving world. Groups of old men squatting in circles, talking their lives away. Bullock carts with bells, pulling loads of cotton or bags of rice. Beggars lying outstretched on the street holding out one cupped hand for coins. And in Benares, the sacred 'city, the most moving sight of all: hundreds of old and sick people who have come to die on the steps above the Ganges river, so that they may be burned there and their ashes thrown into the stream. There they lie, with a bundle of belongings beside them, to end their days. And at dusk, for miles along the broad stream of the Ganges, the bright flames from funeral pyres, and at each pyre the relatives of the dead watch silently.

'Life in Benares has flowed on like this for centuries. In the country buffaloes plough the rice fields, and women haul up water from innumerable wells, exactly as they have for thousands of years. Side by side with this is modern India, striving to catch up with the west; perhaps a trifle over-anxious to put a twentieth-century facade on her proud and ancient civilisation'.

PORTRAIT OF A LANCASTRIAN

'My father was a Lancashire working man', said MICHAEL HARALD in a North of England Home Service talk. 'He was born and grew to young manhood during Lancashire's Golden Age—although he was quite unaware of this. I have a fine feeling for that age, a nostalgia for the Lancashire I never knew.

'I remember talking to my father about this only a few weeks before he died and painting rather a self-conscious word picture of the Manchester of the turn of the century and the early nineteen-hundreds: Manchester Liberalism, Free Trade, and a Ship Canal that really meant something; a Hallé Orchestra, Monkhouse and Montague at the *Guardian*, Sir Henry Irving at the Theatre Royal and Miss Horni-



Typical of India are the city shops open to the street and (left) the tree-lined country roads with their bare-foot travellers



Douglas Dickens

man's seasons at the Gaiety; carriages and pairs, German commerce and German culture, and the Old Trafford cricket ground where you could see Maclaren on his good day hit a century before lunch. Lancashire life in those days, I informed my father, had spice and flavour. An aesthetic and economic renaissance was being launched, and he, my father, had been born in Arcady—and wasn't he lucky?

'My father scratched his nose with a blunt forefinger. "Well", he said at last, "Ah know nowt about all that. All ah know is, we 'ad to work damned 'ard from first thing in t'morning to last thing at neet, and t'harder we worked the worse we wor thout on. Still, tha'rt a reet clever lad, an' 'appen tha' knows best".

'They have said, those who knew him and loved him, that my father "worked himself to death". There may be truth in this—certainly I never knew a man who worked harder. He confessed to me once, in a rare burst of confidence, that if he was not exhausted and ready for bed at the end of a working day, he always felt that he had been cheating the firm. On the rare

occasions when he felt bound to level this indictment against himself, he would spend a wretched, restless, conscience-stricken evening mending a lock, or re-cording a window, or helping my mother with the baking or ironing. He would get up the next morning and go to work determined to slave twice as hard that day. "Tha' does too much, tha' knows, Bill", the works manager said to him once, with masterly understatement. "Ah doant need thee to tell me that", my father replied, "and tha' doesn't need to flatter thiself that ah do it out of any love for thee—or thi' bosses neither". "Then why dost do it?" the manager asked in bewilderment. "Because ah'm a damn fool, that's why", said my father, striding back to his bench.

'When he was demobbed, after the first world war, my father went back to his old firm. He was earning £5 a week at this time, which was good money in 1920. Then one by one, Lancashire's chimneys—the muck that made brass—stopped smoking, and Lancashire's workers went, first on the dole, and then on the dreaded Means Test. The mills that did not close down went on short-time, as did my father's place which manufactured mill machinery: short-time in the 1920s, shorter still in the 1930s. Lancashire was a county of dole queues, and my

father was "playing him". (That was the way Lancashire's unemployed used to describe it.) I grew up hating my father's employers for treating him so shabbily.

In those out-of-work periods, my father tramped twenty miles a day looking for a job. He lived on a diet of bread and scrape and weak tea, as did my mother also; the rasher of bacon and the occasional egg went to the children. He learned how to make a cigarette last for a whole day with a dozen dousings, how to repair the family's boots and shoes with bits of old leather purchased for twopence a bag from the local cobbler. He developed a natural genius for an assortment of crafts and trades—he called it "odd-jobbing", but it covered a score of jobs from plumbing to paper-hanging, from watch-repairing to electrical engineering—any job that required a steady eye and a skilful hand. But, for such was the vicious circle of Lancashire economics in the depressed years, the people he found himself odd-jobbing for were usually on the dole and penniless themselves, and as often as not he did the job for the cost of the materials.

Yet during those suffering years of want and hunger and unemployment—in the days when every penny had to be fought for and treasured—he made us all sit for scholarships to good schools and, when we passed our exams, he went without the very necessities of life—food, warmth, and clothing—to keep us in bus fares and sports subscriptions, and school outfits.

TAGGING THE HERRING

For centuries the herring has been something of an unknown quantity in the eyes of the trawlermen—the habits of the fish, during what they call its off-season, have long been a mystery. Scientists in Aberdeen have been trying to solve the mystery, and MAURICE LINDSAY recently spoke about their work in 'The Eye-witness'. 'The scientists of the Marine Laboratory in Aberdeen', he said, 'are gradually clearing up the herring mystery. A great deal of it has already been solved by biological deduction. For instance, they know now that there is not one type of herring but many different types varying in size and in the place and season of their spawning.

Of course, if you want to try to prove your facts about the movements of fish, the obvious thing to do is to mark them in some way and then hope that a few of the marked specimens will be picked up and returned to you in due course. Official experiments in "tagging", as the marking of herring is now called, have been going on for about thirty years, but until just after the last war with very little success. Since 1948, however, new and improved methods of tagging have been evolved.

The men who do the tagging go out on special research vessels and on commercial drifters. They tag perhaps 1,000 fish in a week. The current tag favoured here is a visual affair made of solid red plastic, fish-shape in outline and with the address of the Laboratory on it. Inside is a serial number and, since quite a proportion of herring get made into fish meal, a strip of metal, which helps identification by magnet during that process. The tag is attached to the fish by a short length of nylon and a wire rod, which simply goes through the fish's back. Last year, out of just over 7,000 herring tagged in this manner, 112 were recovered, the majority of them by foreign trawlers.

What conclusions can already be drawn from these experiments? Amongst other things it has become clear that a very large proportion of the herring caught in the fishing grounds off Shetland and the north-east of Scotland during May and June belong to a type which does not spawn near the Scottish coast. Also, a sort of circular travel pattern is beginning to emerge suggesting that perhaps some of the herring which are pursued off the Scottish coast in the spring find their way via the famous Fladen grounds to the Scandinavian coast after they have done their spawning somewhere near the Dogger Bank. The first tagged herring proved

to have gone right across the entire breadth of the North Sea, turned up in the Skagerrak in February 1951, having been tagged off Peterhead the previous May—a distance of about 300 miles. A more recent tagging shows a herring to have made its way from Peterhead to Ostend, a distance of 400 miles.

A MOBILE POLICE STATION

The Leicestershire and Rutland County Constabulary have acquired a mobile police station. It was described in 'Midland Newsreel' by BILL HARTLEY. 'It is built', he said, 'on two vans, and it carries everything necessary to set up a complete force of police anywhere it may be wanted. The Chief Constable described it as a fast, mobile H.Q. that can be rushed to the scene of a crime, disaster, or search. It can play its part in the police work and public service that goes with more pleasant happenings, such as race meetings and agricultural shows.

I saw it all laid out as it would be in the event of an emergency. The two vans were standing side by side some six yards apart. The main van—the operational one—is equipped with radio in constant communication with the county headquarters. It carries field telephones with a six-line exchange, so that it can establish communication with other control points over the area in which it is working, running out lines many hundreds of yards. There is the usual desk with typewriter and a large window for public enquiries. The other van is more of a carrier, and it brings along complete cooking equipment to cope with 100 men, and this is all set up under a tarpaulin which covers the space between the two vans. Other tarpaulins can be erected with poles over the surrounding area, to provide cover and weather protection for the police and the public, too. Bedding is also carried.

It was stressed that this second van could, if necessary, be used for collection of further supplies of men without taking away any part of the operational facilities. Thus a complete police unit can be quickly taken to any emergency, bringing with it everything it needs for several days.

BRASSES TO MIDLAND WOOLMEN

'During the fifteenth century', said CATHERINE FORREST in 'Midlands Miscellany', 'some fine brasses were laid down to the wealthy wool merchants of East Anglia and the Cotswolds. One of the best is to the Gloucestershire woolman, William Grevel, and his wife Marion, in the parish church at Chipping Campden. William died in 1401 and his brass describes him as "the flower of the wool merchants of all England". He is wearing the dress of a well-to-do man of that time: a long tunic, with full sleeves gathered at the wrist, a mantle fastened on the shoulder, and a hood. Round his tunic he wears a decorated belt and an anelace, or short sword. If you look in the canopy above his head, you will see the wool merchants' trade-mark, a globe and pennon.

The longest series of brasses to Gloucestershire woolmen is at Northleach. Usually the wool merchant's feet rest on two wool-packs, but sometimes only one foot is on a wool-pack and the other on a sheep. This is how Thomas Bushe is represented at Northleach. His brass is rather important because on the shield above it are the arms of the staple of Calais. This shows that the woolmen of this district were members of the staple, or guild, of Calais, an influential corporation with laws of its own and some very exclusive trading rights.

Although the quality of the brasses was declining during the late fifteenth and the whole of the sixteenth centuries, their subjects are extremely interesting. Women appear oftener and so do children, usually kneeling in groups under the figures of their parents. At Solihull, for example, William Hyll and his two wives, Isabel and Agnes, are accompanied by eighteen children. Not many brasses were laid down in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and those of the nineteenth century are of little aesthetic importance.



From a brass depicting a wool merchant and his wife in Northleach Church, Gloucestershire
National Buildings Record

Should Britain Take Part in a European Army?

Two personal statements

I—By WOODROW WYATT, M.P.

I START with three assumptions. The first is that German rearmament is inevitable, whether immediately or some time during the next decade. It cannot be many years before western Germany has a peace treaty and is fully independent. It will then be impossible to prevent her from having an army, whatever happens in the meantime. My second assumption is that German rearmament in the long run is militarily necessary for the defence of western Europe. In eastern Germany and hard by the Russians have twenty-six fully equipped divisions, nearly all of which are armoured or mechanised. Opposite this the west, at the moment, have some eighteen to twenty divisions.

There is little doubt that, at present, the Russians would not have to bring up substantial reinforcements, from which we would get valuable warning of their intentions, to launch an attack which would get to the Channel in a matter of weeks. What we have to do in the west is, first of all, to have a sufficiently strong force to compel the Russians to make large-scale troop movements before they could open an attack on the western front. Then, the next objective is to have enough divisions in the west to be able to block a Russian attack made even after they had reinforced their twenty-six divisions. Transport difficulties and the vast area over which the Russian and satellite armies have to guard make it unlikely that an initial Russian attack in the west could consist of more than eighty to 100 divisions.

If western Europe could meet such an attack with some fifty to sixty divisions it is reasonably certain that the attack could be held up for long enough to mobilise Europe's factories and reserve armies before superior Russian man-power could reinforce their initial attack and overwhelm us. In other words, fifty to sixty divisions in the west would have a very good chance of holding the line between east and west Germany. But that force cannot be maintained out of western Europe's resources unless there is an eventual German contribution of some ten to twelve divisions.

My third assumption is that, as the recent conference at Lisbon has shown, a European army with or without us will come into being. But even if you accept only my first assumption, the European army still remains the best way of controlling German rearmament, should German militarism once more become a menace to the peace of the world. It was with this idea as a background that M. Plevin first made his proposals for a European army. His proposals were very detailed and aimed, to begin with, at having no national contingents larger than battalion size, although this was later modified to allow of combat teams at roughly brigade size. There was to be common recruiting, common pay, common uniform, common supply services. These very detailed suggestions, if carried out, would have destroyed the national identity of armies. They put the British off at the start. The whole scheme appeared to be impracticable and unrealistic. It would certainly have been unwise to commit the British Army to such arrangements.

But now there is a very different situation. France, Italy, western Germany, Holland, Belgium, and Luxembourg in their frequent meetings have hammered out a new approach to the European army. Broadly, it is now agreed that national contingents should be some 13,000 to 14,000 strong, or not much smaller than a British division. It is understood that a number of these national contingents would be retained under national control and that some participants would always have a force outside its ambit particularly for use overseas. Talk of common pay and recruiting has gone, and the idea of a common uniform is receding. The main difference in military organisation from what exists now under S.H.A.P.E. would be the grouping of divisions internationally into formations with international staffs. That would give an essential element of control over the German contingents, which would not be possible if there were a separate German army in N.A.T.O.

It is no longer proposed that there should be a European Defence Minister presiding over a central authority to run the European army and outside the control of national parliaments or governments. Instead,

there would be a commissariat containing representatives of all the participating countries which would work in close association with N.A.T.O. and S.H.A.P.E., under whose orders the European army will be. Although there would be a very small assembly to discuss such things as the army's budget, the countries concerned would not be committed without parliamentary approval. Again, although European federation is set as an eventual goal, concrete moves towards federation are postponed. But if the European army does help towards a binding together or federation in Europe, it will be to Britain's advantage to be present during the formative processes of such a union.

What, then, are the British objections to joining in the European army? The original objection has now been disposed of—the objection that the scheme was too detailed, and would involve the virtual dissolution of the British Army as we know it. But others remain. One which is often mooted is that the Commonwealth either objects to the scheme or would object to it. In my knowledge, no Commonwealth country has ever protested at the idea that Britain might take part in a European army. I cannot help feeling that the notion that the Commonwealth would object is a myth fostered by those who do not want to see Britain in the European army. There can be no reason why the Commonwealth should object, particularly as it is implicitly agreed that Britain would retain sufficient control of her Army to meet her Commonwealth commitments. This retention of control also deals with the argument that we might find ourselves so heavily committed to Europe that we might be unable to deal with our metropolitan and other overseas commitments. But perhaps the hardest objection of all to counter is the vague but profound conviction that we ought not to get too much involved with all these foreigners on the Continent. I confess that I do not know where and how to meet this deep-rooted prejudice. I know that it has had much influence on our thinking, but I can only say that we are not going to get very far with international co-operation if we allow these irrational emotions to master our thoughts on the subject.

The advantages of British participation in the European army are many. I put at the head of them the basic but little-mentioned fact that the Channel has ceased to be of much value in the defence of this island. If the Russians get to the Channel coast they could make most of England up to the north midlands impossible to live in by firing pilotless and projected missiles at us. The V.1s and V.2s on London at the end of the last war would seem mild in comparison. Once this happened Britain would stop being a world power, and this makes it vital for us to see that the defence line of western Europe is drawn as far east as possible in Germany. Anything which may make it easier to do this is to our advantage, and a European army with a German contribution would.

At the root of the defence of Europe is morale. Europe only half believes in its ability to defend itself successfully. The more it can be got to believe that western European defence is a practicability the more likely that defence is to be successful. So long as Britain stays out of the European army the countries of Europe believe that, in her heart, Britain thinks that Europe cannot be defended and that Britain bases her plans for defence on the ultimate necessity of another Dunkirk and the withdrawal of our Army and Air Force to the homeland. This may be unfair, but the suspicion is widespread and does immense harm to European morale. The understandable question which is asked is if Britain believes in the defence of Europe why does she not commit herself to it? For those who fear German rearmament (and I am one of them), the argument for Britain's inclusion in the European army is irresistible. The French took little part in the last war. Through no fault of their own their generals and high officers are below the standard of efficiency and experience required by modern warfare. They had no staff colleges during the war and they are quite unable to match their German equivalents in skill. The only country in Europe capable of dealing on equal terms with German soldiers on a professional basis is Britain. Without Britain in it, the European army is bound to become dominated by German influence on the simple principle that you cannot keep a good man (in the military sense) down. If there

should be another upsurge of German militarism in ten or fifteen years' time, it could only be controlled by the British and only if they had been in a European army from the start.

On the purely military side British participation in the European army would make that army far more effective. It is no good complaining that the proposals are impracticable if you never put up any of your own. What is needed is an injection of British common sense. We have had great experience at working with corps where the staffs are mixed and the divisions come from two or more nations. I find it very hard to believe that without British participation the European army can ever be a very powerful force. And, incidentally, unless we join the European army our own military training is likely to be hampered when western Germany becomes fully independent. When that happens there is bound to be a general demand for the withdrawal of occupying forces unless they belong to the European army. If our troops have to leave Germany they will be greatly handicapped, particularly in the training of armour.

Far from weakening the Commonwealth, British participation in the European army would, by strengthening Britain in Europe, strengthen the Commonwealth. We would certainly be the leading power in the association and our voice would count most not only in military matters but also in politico-strategic matters. The leadership of Europe would enable us to go on counting as a world power and to recoup our declining influence. It might well enable us, with Europe, to exert as much influence in the world as Russia and America. Some are afraid that there may come a time when Russia and communist China are not so much of a threat to world peace as America. The argument runs that America may become impatient with high taxation for armaments, may feel that a preventive war is better than an uneasy state of cold war and, in a mood of hysteria, start an attack against Russia. If that intention ever did materialise a European army led by Britain could put a stop to it. The only land contact which America has with Russia over which armies could move is through Europe. Any build-up of American forces for a preventive war against Russia could be halted by a warning from a militarily united Europe under British leadership.

The six European countries which have been discussing the European army have now come to the view that the European army should not be very dissimilar in organisation from the armies now under General Eisenhower's command. This makes the method of British participation much easier. We have some five divisions now in Germany which contain the largest and most modern armoured force on the mainland of Europe, apart from the Russian army. It would be a simple matter to say that four of those divisions would be permanently allotted as Britain's standing contribution to the European army. There would still, of course, be nothing to prevent the rotation of units and divisions as required by the British General Staff. These divisions, with their high armoured content, would be an extremely powerful part of the European army. At the same time, it could be announced that a number—and I would suggest eight—of our reserve divisions had been allotted as reserves to Britain's contribution to the European army. It should also be stated that a substantial part of the Royal Air Force had been allotted for the same purpose. The British divisions now on the Continent would become available for being mingled in corps with national contingents of the other countries. It is generally agreed among soldiers that corps with staffs of mixed nationality can be run without any loss of efficiency.

If we are going to take this step of joining the European army then the sooner it is done the better. The French socialists made it a condition of their support of the French Government on this issue that Britain should once more be urged to join. It is a very understandable position to take up. Belgium, Holland, and Italy would also be much more enthusiastic about the project if we were to come in. At the moment, we are leaving it to Belgium and Holland to make the kind of reservations we would have made about federation and the setting up of supra-national bodies. Even if German rearmament were not contemplated, the European army would be a good idea in itself. Nor need it wait on a German contribution.

If Britain stands out from the European army, then it will seem to Europe that she means to leave Europe to its own fate. And that is the point. If Britain comes in, her political wisdom, her military skill, her high courage can not only mould and influence the European army in its early stages, when it is most malleable—it can also give Britain, with Europe, the ability to exercise as much influence in the world as she did when her material power was relatively greater.

II—By Major-General L. O. LYNE

I MUST FIRST make it clear that I am in favour of the formation of a European army. I do not, however, believe it desirable or necessary for this country to place part of her armed forces as an integral part of that army. Like Mr. Wyatt, I shall also argue my case from two assumptions. First of all, I do not think that any army can really function efficiently if it has more than one political master; a European army to me signifies a close European political union, if not immediately then in the foreseeable future. Second, though I agree that the rearmament of western Germany is necessary today and anyway probably inevitable in the future, I do not agree that British direct participation in a European army is vital for the balance and efficiency of that army or as a safeguard to France against the possible evils of German militarism. I shall return to these two points again later.

Of course I agree with Mr. Wyatt that adequate means for the defence of Europe from possible communist armed aggression are a first priority on the resources of the free world. All history and not least the lessons of Korea point to the necessity for suitably trained and equipped land forces as the backbone of such defence, coupled of course with strong air and naval support. Nor is it very difficult to calculate the minimum number of armoured and infantry divisions required in the light of estimated Russian and satellite strength. Having in mind the length of frontier and nature of the country in which the Russian armies could be deployed, and all the other factors, some fifty divisions at immediate readiness seem a minimum first requirement.

General Eisenhower has stressed that the required number of divisions can be produced only by the use of German-raised formations in addition to those of France, Italy, and the Benelux countries, as well, of course, as American and British formations. All those who fought in the last war know the great difficulties which arise in an army containing different national contingents. The first and greatest is the political one, but there are also inevitable differences in training, equipment, staff duties, and language. Indeed, the very differences of national character and habits pose problems of interpretation and understanding to the staffs concerned which are outside the curriculum of most staff colleges.

Much can and has already been done towards standardisation of training, equipment and staff duties of the contingents at present under S.H.A.P.E. But, if the European army is to be an integrated force whose first loyalties are to be to Europe, if the standardisation of training, equipment, and staff duties is to be carried a stage further, if divisions are to be readily interchangeable, to give to the whole the maximum flexibility and a proper balance throughout, they must have one political master only. Half the weakness of the present situation arises because the Supreme Commander and his deputy and financial advisers have continually to battle with so many different national parliaments. A European army can succeed as such only if, within a limited time, it is independent financially and otherwise of the national parliaments concerned. This presupposes a European political union and a European parliament with full financial and other powers over its own army.

I believe the European Defence Community, which was discussed at the Lisbon Conference, to be a half-way house towards this end. The proposed national groups of divisional size may sound an easy solution to the problem of how to retain national entity within the overall international framework, but this is only half the story. What of the corps and army troops, support, technical and administrative, without which no modern army can fight? To allow the whole machine to operate smoothly and efficiently they must be on an international basis. The proposed administrative organ of the European Defence Community, consisting of a commission of nine members with wide powers somewhat analogous to those of a Minister of Defence under the permanent Council of Ministers, may work well enough in the transitional stage, though on paper at least they appear very cumbersome. One can indeed imagine the endless arguments that will ensue with a committee of this size, with its inevitable effect of slowing down decisions and retarding the development of the army. It is, however, in the Assembly, whose members will at this stage be chosen by national parliaments, that we see the real pointer to the future. One of its principal tasks will be to prepare plans for a directly elected Assembly which will eventually function as one of the organs of a federal or confederate system. This is the logical goal.

Now I, personally, think that such a move is very much to be encouraged in Europe. As we have seen recently, there are inevitably

serious difficulties to be overcome before a Federal Union can become effective, but both the Schuman plan and the European army are great concepts in their own sphere. Both will fail if they do not lead to close political integration. Indeed, I cannot see the European army becoming a workable machine without it. The Pleven plan, with its national contingents of brigade group size and its uniformity of recruiting, pay, uniform, and so on, was rightly shelved as being impracticable as a first step. But much of it will be attained by natural development if this European Army is to mean anything at all and is not to be a mere temporary safeguard during German rearmament. I have stressed this point because I feel that there is much woolly thinking about British participation in such a European army. It is not a question of what sized land forces we are prepared to station in Europe or to what extent we will place them under non-British command. It is far more than this. If we contributed directly to a European army we should have to join the European political union. Such a union I have indicated is, in my opinion, absolutely essential ultimately as political master of this army.

Our situation as part of the Commonwealth of Nations is unique. Surely such a step to join ourselves politically to western Europe would be quite unacceptable to the majority of people in this country and in the Commonwealth, and also impracticable in view of our existing world-wide ties and commitments. It is not, of course, that our interests are not in Europe and that we do not intend to continue to give the maximum military support there which our resources will permit. No one has yet suggested that the United States should join the European army, yet her interests in Europe are today nearly as great as ours and her support is usually taken for granted.

Mr. Wyatt has used strong arguments in favour of our participation in this European army, including the psychological effect, particularly upon France. I believe, however, that this is very much exaggerated. Most of the doubts raised in this connection should be dispelled by a contractual obligation of the United States and ourselves to support the European army in the event of aggression in western Europe. Such aggression might be made by an outside power, or by one member state of western Europe against another, though in the latter case the European army would obviously disintegrate. If this unhappy state of affairs should come about it would certainly not be prevented by our active participation in the European army. In any event, the worst of all decisions would be to enter this army without a full realisation of where it was leading us, with the danger that when natural political development takes place we may be faced with a choice between Europe and the Commonwealth. To enter this army now without a clear view of the lines along which it is most likely to develop and then to have to withdraw from it at a later date would be the most disastrous of all steps. It would irretrievably damage our relationship with western Europe, to say nothing of its effect upon the morale of these countries.

Again, it may be argued that without British contribution there is a danger of western Germany predominating and, because of her military aptitude, filling many of the higher appointments. It is certainly to be hoped that whatever form the European political authority finally takes the method of selection for high command in its army will be by merit alone. I believe also that as at present constituted N.A.T.O. offers such opportunities for exchange of officers—including of course British officers—not only for training purposes but in command and staff appointments, that we can ensure that our influence is exercised towards a proper balance in the European army. It is right and necessary to ensure at this stage that certain precautions are taken to guard against a revival in Europe of German militarism, as recently emphasised by the seven conditions laid down by the French Assembly. But the final safeguard against this will rest not on any physical or other conditions imposed. It will rest on the spirit and will of the German people to play their part in western Europe in full equality with their partners in this Union.

There are also considerable military disadvantages to British participation in the European army. Our world-wide commitments may call for varied forms of warfare or police action under such differing conditions that it is essential for us to maintain our training organisation and equipment as versatile as possible to make the best use of our very limited resources. To have our army virtually split in two would be far more harmful to us than to any other European power, including France. This does not, of course, mean any immediate contemplated reduction of our forces in western Europe, which are at present the strongest in armour of any there, as has been pointed out. It means,

rather, that by remaining outside the European army, though closely linked with it, we retain greater elasticity in our military machine.

Despite the increasing production of American equipment, it seems probable that the British forces in Europe will continue to be equipped in the main from this country. For the smooth working of the lines of communication, this necessitates the grouping together at least of the bulk of the British forces and in itself would make difficult their dispersion within a European army. This question of equipment is a vital one. However desirable complete standardisation may be, it is certain that for some time to come it will be only partially achieved. The European army will presumably have to depend in the main upon American and French factories until German industry is brought into production. Incidentally, the need to simplify the administrative system and, particularly, the supply echelons will be a strong argument in favour of the development of the European army along the lines of M. Pleven's original conception of a common uniform, common supply services, and so on.

As I have already said, provided the European army has a political authority with adequate financial and other powers to direct it, I regard it as a great step forward in the measures necessary to strengthen democracy against the march of communism. It may well breed, too, a spirit of European fellowship which will make closer integration a reality. It is certainly an act of supreme faith and statesmanship by France to sponsor it. Our way is clear: maximum support for this army by close liaison and interchange of officers, the standardisation of training, equipment, and staff duties so far as is practicable and the promise of our retention of forces in Europe within the N.A.T.O. organisation—but no direct participation in the European army. This is the best service we can render to Europe. I believe, indeed, that in the initial stage of the formation of the European Defence Community the British Forces can give all the support necessary just as well without being members of that Community and without therefore becoming engaged in a project which we could not follow through to its logical conclusion.

There are those of us who look to the time when out of the forces of the European army, the British Commonwealth, the United States, and, perhaps, Russia and China, will be formed the Security Force envisaged by the Charter of the United Nations organisation, whose task alone it will be to resist aggression and to preserve law and order. But that is an idealistic dream of the distant future. The reality today is the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation with its three component parts, the contingents of the United States and Great Britain and the European Defence Community, which I sincerely hope will soon become in name and in form the European army.—*Third Programme*

X-Ray

Held to the light the negative reveals
The barium's try at classic art distorted
By the penumbra of an ulcer on
The stomach's lesser curve. The owner feels

It rather strange that he should carry round
A flaw which grew without his conscious wish,
Unnoticed in his intimate concerns,
Like the weak monster, issue of the sound.

As mildly startling as his profile caught
Reflected in two mirrors' odd conjunction,
The photograph extends his sense of how
What is has fared in battle with what ought.

He looks for correspondence in his mind—
The alien pit among the impulses
At best of love and surely never worse
Than lazily indifferent or kind.

Of course he cannot find the cause: it came
Precisely by reason of his ignorance.
All he can hope for is to let his life
Go on concealing what is nasty, lame.

ROY FULLER

Legend and Reputation

The first of four talks on 'Personality in History', by C. V. WEDGWOOD

THESE are some men and women who start a kind of vibration, an echo of voices in the corridors of time. When that vibration reaches us, in fact, it is very like an echo, for the confused reiterated sound of an echo bears much the same relation to the human voice as our idea of some historic figures bear to what they were in life. Yet, somewhere, there was a voice that started the echo; somewhere there was a human being who started the echo.

It is these people whose vibration reaches us, centuries after, that are the personalities of the past: they start out of history at us, defying death by their immortal vigour. They are not always great names—some of those are nothing but outlines—they are men and women, I think, who have been remembered for something as well as greatness, or even without being particularly great: the men and women whose achievements have that added edge to them that personality gives, and whose being may be remembered long after their doing has been forgotten.

The Echo Down the Centuries

I want to discuss one or two people who started this vibration, the echo down the centuries, who had what we could recognise as personality and see how far it was native to them and how far it was something we have endowed them with. I cannot—at this stage anyway—define personality. It is not a new word; John Wyclif used it 600 years ago: 'All the personality of man', he wrote, 'standeth in the spirit of him'. In the spirit—the most permanent thing in man and the most elusive. We cannot define it even among living beings, among our own friends. How can one hope to define it among the long dead? But there are one or two things we do know about it, if we begin to consider it, as apart from achievement or character. For one thing, I suspect that what gives life to the legends of the historic dead is not the great things but the small things: the anecdotes of childhood, true or false, the trivial moments—little George Washington cutting down that cherry tree and little King Alfred learning to read; a white plume worn in a battle, a cloak spread out in the mud, or, it may be, a cigar. The other thing we know is that the historic dead exist mainly in our own minds. The idea that we have of a historic personality is two-thirds what we bring to it ourselves. We bestow immortality by remembering a little and imagining a great deal. There was once a real personality—but sometimes, no doubt, those who started the echo would look with amazement at the monsters or heroes we have made of them.

We understand other men's minds by the measure of our own. So we may place the oddest interpretations on thoughts which are beyond our comprehension and ideas which have ceased to mean anything to us. It is as though the voice of the past had spoken in one language and our ears are familiar only with some quite different language and we try to make the sounds we hear fit into the ones we know. Simon de Montfort gives a rather good example of that. In the age of liberalism, historians were much inclined to see that bold, bad baron Simon de Montfort as an exponent of constitutional monarchy. This was because they understood more about constitutional monarchy than about bold, bad barons. Today we have grown so clever that we laugh at the Victorian interpretation and call Simon de Montfort an aggressive careerist with a lust for power—it is a type we happen to know a good deal about. But in 100 years' time our twentieth-century cynicism about him may look as silly as the Victorian idealisation. What we actually know about Simon de Montfort's personality is not very much. We only know that he made a deep impression on his own time and has left a deep impression in historic memory. I say all that we really know about his personality: but we do know something about his achievements—those risings against Henry III, the calling of the first English Parliament, his death in battle at Evesham.

Here I would like to bring up a rather important question in this matter of personality, which is, does it matter much *what* a man was when we know what he *did*? Do we need to talk about personality at all? Is an accurate estimate of personality in the least important? I think, immensely; because I believe you cannot judge what a man did until you know what he was. Personality is not a surface thing: it is

the very core of character. There can be no moral judgment until we know where we are about personality. And if history is not a school of moral judgment I do not know what its purpose is.

I have said that we ourselves partly invent the personalities of the dead in a way that we can understand. That is the only way in which they can live for us. So that, in what may be called his posthumous existence, the same man may go through a large number of different interpretations, yet the same core of real being gave rise to them all.

Take, for instance, an undeniably controversial figure like Charles I. The real King Charles was not a cipher: he had a strongly defined personality, but the image of him that has been transmitted, that has been abused or cherished, has undergone some remarkable changes. During his lifetime and immediately after his death, his enemies tried to foist Charles on to public opinion as the blood-stained tyrant. This was an almost total failure; the personality of this silent, reserved, rather slight man was so completely not the popular idea of a tyrant. Then the hostile interpretations of Charles changed their tone and settled finally on his duplicity as the chief element in his personality. 'Charles I was a gentleman but he could not tell the truth', as my old school book used to put it.

The contrary interpretation—the interpretation of Charles as the saint and martyr—has had considerably more success. In the first place, whatever may or may not be certain about the King, he died, incontrovertibly, on the scaffold. Other kings have done the same since his time, but no other has generated quite that legend even among his supporters. There was undoubtedly the real stuff of the martyr in Charles: a hard core of inspired obstinacy, an inner fortitude which was not fully revealed until the very end of his life. Until then, the capacity for solitary endurance lay unsuspected at the heart of his being and it was only revealed, in the most spectacular way imaginable, by his end.

Imaginative Re-creation

But you cannot create a wholly sympathetic legend out of endurance alone. There has to be something else. So hardly was the King dead before the work of imaginative re-creation had begun. The martyr King had to grow into all that his devotees wished him to be. The earlier versions of him emphasised his piety and his high sense of his kingly office as well as his private virtues. These early versions were a little one-sided, but they were a good deal more true to his actual personality than the sentimentalised later versions. In fact, his character went through a progressive softening process. A good deal of the process was supplied by Sir Anthony Van Dyck who so often painted the King with an expression of gentle melancholy. It was not an expression usually seen in his face by other painters. The Charles of popular legend grew more gentle and more sad until the gentleness and the sadness—and, of course, the sense of doom—spread over pretty well the whole of his life.

Alone he rides, alone
The fair and fatal King

wrote Lionel Johnson in the nineteenth century about the statue in Trafalgar Square. And he goes on:

Which are more full of fate
The stars or those sad eyes?
Which are more still and great
Those brows or the dark skies?

But look at the statue dispassionately. The King is rather a jaunty little figure and his expression is anything but sad. He had, after all, no particular reason to be sad when Hubert Le Sueur cast the statue. His ultimate fate and all that led to it were in the far future.

The Victorians added their own contribution to the growing legend. They felt strongly about family life and became touchingly sentimental on the subject of the King's happy home life. So they propagated the curious idea that this man, who was so absorbed in kingship that he was prepared to die for his idea of it, would have liked nothing so much as a quiet, private life. Gradually the real picture of this

ceremonious, formal, and rather rigid little man, who challenged, accepted, and, in the end, triumphed over a terrible fate, was completely transformed by popular conceptions into his opposite—into someone who would in all probability not have challenged that fate in the first place and not have been able to meet it if he had. Yet his death, and what caused his death, and therefore his real personality, is at the root of all these flights of imagination. It is a baffling but not an uncommon paradox, an example of the interplay between real personality, the events arising from it, and the new ideas which are generated by these events so as to re-create the original personality in a new form.

These are rather specialised political reactions to personality, but there are much deeper primitive reactions which are awakened by certain characteristics—youth, beauty, courage, and certain kinds of misfortune—even folly or downright wickedness. * Cleopatra and Mark Antony were two tremendous personalities and both of them lacking in nearly all the sager virtues, but they have gone on re-kindling imagination for 2,000 years. It might have been different if the astonishing pair had outlived their love and their defeat. Death may be a necessary end if 'love or beauty is to cast that particular spell. It is possible, I dare say, that a sad or a spectacular death has something to do with the immortal charm of some figures. If Mary Queen of Scots had died at a ripe age, surrounded by weeping grandchildren and lap-dogs, where, I wonder, would she stand in popular esteem today? And for the conqueror, 'the ruler', the statesman, defeat which does not bring extinction, the long trailing away of a dramatic life into anti-climax, is an enemy to fame. Napoleon knew this when he wrote the memoirs which were to re-create the legend of his greatness that his conquerors were hoping to destroy. And his, if you like, was a major triumph of personality.

I said earlier that personality was not the same as achievement but, of course, it does have a great deal to do with it. People often think of personality as a surface quality because it can be added to and developed, because it can even be—in the theatrical sense—'produced'. But it cannot be manufactured out of nothing; because it is the very core of being it is also the very core of doing. To search the records of the past and to re-discover a smothered or obscured personality is often the only way to understand certain events and actions. But, and here lies a great paradox, although the personality precipitated certain events the events in their turn often caused the re-creation of the personality. The man or woman had to be made to fit the events as they were later imagined to be.



The statue of King Charles I in Trafalgar Square—'a jaunty little figure'—



—and of Florence Nightingale in Lower Regent Street . . . 'The Victorian public clamoured for a gentle, sweet-faced lady with a lamp'

National Buildings Record

So the legends grow up in response to the popular idea. And it can happen that the legend, that is, the picture as the public wants it, completely smothers the real personality. This happened in a remarkable way with Florence Nightingale. The Victorian public clamoured for a gentle, sweet-faced lady with a lamp. Miss Nightingale had to be the embodiment of the qualities which heal and soothe and bless, so that was what she became in popular estimation. Yet anyone who had paused to think for a moment must have seen that a personality like this would hardly have been able to create a nursing service in the chaos of the Crimean War; or force her way through the portals of the War Office. Such things are not done simply by the qualities which heal and soothe and bless. Just the same, the true personality of Miss Nightingale was smothered under sugar icing of the legend. She became at worst a sort of chocolate-box angel and at best the sweetly gracious figure who stands on her plinth in Lower Regent

Street today. This was all the odder because a very great deal of evidence existed about her colossal personality, and it only needed to be investigated to disperse the legend completely. Now that a monumental biography has shovelled away the legend, we can see something much more like the real Florence Nightingale, a woman of formidable character and determination, of great charm, of powerful and concentrated intellect, and above all a dominator. None of your sweet ministering angel about her, or if an angel then a very archangel in her strength and relentlessness.

Florence Nightingale is an example of a personality which, in spite of all its formidable reality and strength, was for a long time submerged by a legend. But there are also personalities which simply drop out of public memory. Strength, beauty, goodness, courage, even great achievements may not be enough to keep them alive. The names which become household words, the reputations which become legendary are the product of a peculiar alchemy, not easily analysed. It takes the interaction of public event and private life, some special qualities of man or woman, and a special mood on the part of their contemporaries and immediate successors to bring them immortality. Many high reputations, many good names, many fine personalities have been deliberately blasted or fatally distorted, or simply wiped out of public memory, by some accident of political or social change or some violent revolution in religious belief. Look at Queen Catherine of Aragon: what echoes in the corridors of time has she left compared with many much less deserving women? Does anyone remember today that she was once—and deservedly—the most popular of our Queen Consorts? A few historians, no doubt,

and some devotees; and here and there local traditions keep her memory green. That is about all. I do not propose to enter here into the vexed discussions of the true characters of King Richard III or King John; all that we can say for certain is that these Kings have been the objects of deliberate misrepresentation. A false personality has been, for one political reason or another, foisted on to the public with complete success. They have been cast as villains and, because villains are as essential to the drama of life as heroes, they proved highly acceptable in this form.

Yet even the most outrageous falsifications of personality are instructive, because they show how deeply rooted is this need to create human symbols, for evil or for good. More primitive epochs prefer more primitive symbols: the human personality can be stylised into good, bad, brave, noble. More complex ages, like our own, demand a more subtle balance of qualities, a greater realism, and, sometimes—though by no

means always—a closer relationship to historic facts. But whatever form it takes, the overmastering desire is there; the desire of men and women to see things in personal terms; to see their hopes, their fears, their political problems reflected in the fate of other men; to blame and to praise not the unseen economic or social forces about them but this or that human being. This is a truth well known, and indeed much exploited, by the greatest leaders and the ablest statesmen. It leads to simplifications which have often had disastrous consequences; it has led to grotesque injustice to the dead and fatal miscalculations about the living. But it is inherent in the human condition and it is a factor of importance in history. Because it is so, the human personality—real or remembered, actual or imagined—cannot be left out of the record of the past, or treated as a mere ornament of no structural importance in the story of mankind. It is the incalculable element, both in itself and in its results.—*Home Service*

Origins of Bolshevik Thought

The second of two talks by ALEXANDER HALPERN

HISTORY does not go towards a definite goal, it goes where it is led. It is what humanity makes of it. Bakunin shares these ideas with Herzen. It may be said that they both stem from Hegel as both were involved in the problem of the real and the rational. Bakunin was willing, for a time at least, to accept the Hegelian thesis, but Herzen, who had already known prison and exile, refused to submit. 'To contend that Russian reality is rational', he writes, 'to justify it means either that you do not understand what reason means or that you are laughing at people'. Bakunin passed through the Hegelian left to the idea of revolt and insurrection. Herzen follows the French utopian socialists. He believes in the particular mission of the Russian people but, unlike the Slavophiles, his faith in the people has nothing to do with the past, the Church, or Byzantium. He is the father of the Russian populists, who knows that 'the past of the people is dark, the present terrible but that the people have a right to the future'. The Russians are alive, healthy, and young. This is their great advantage over the west where the forces of reaction were able to kill the 1848 revolution. Russia has no powerful bourgeoisie, the vested interests are not strong enough to fight communism; communism has already a strong basis in the village commune. The future belongs to the peasant in Russia, just as in France it belongs to the industrial worker. Russia can never be *juste milieu*, she will never make a revolution just to replace Tsar Nicholas by deputies. The Russian question is a social question, and if socialism is unable to transform the disintegrating society in the west Russia will achieve it. After the failure of the 1848 revolution Herzen begins to be doubtful about the success of western socialism and he is the first to dread the possibility of a socialism tainted by middle-class prejudices. He hates the bourgeoisie and the bourgeois mind. He does not want Russia to repeat all the stages of the western development, neither bourgeois monarchy nor bourgeois republic; Russia can step direct into socialism; the Russian people, indifferent and unable to cope with ordinary political questions, are nearer than the western peoples to a new social order. The development of the commune, a complete communal self government based on individual freedom, is the goal. No middle-of-the-way solutions of a bourgeois character can be admitted. Herzen was not a systematical thinker and he does not construct comprehensive social theories. A critic who wants to find inconsistencies and contradictions will find plenty in his writings. He was not an economist. He was an artist and a preacher. 'The religion of the revolution, of the great social transformation is the only religion I bequeath to you'—these words contain probably the most exact and concise definition of his aims.

The picturesque and romantic figure of Bakunin is known. This passionate anarchist asserts the complete negation of the existing order, he advocates destruction. 'I now seek God in revolution. Revolt means in the first destruction, and destruction is a creative power'—in these words, which he writes to his sister, we have the *summa* of Bakunin's political philosophy. Bakunin had never in Russia the same influence as he had in western Europe at the time when he fought Marx in the first International. Even now we do not

hear much of Bakunin the anarchist in Soviet Russia. It may, of course, be said that he is overlooked because he was an enemy of Marx. But this is too superficial an explanation. Actually, anarchism never took roots in Russia although one often hears assumptions that the Russian is an anarchist at heart. What carried away the Russians was not anarchism but socialism: after 1848 all Russian progressive thinkers became socialists of a kind, of various kinds, but socialists; and according to them socialism could not be achieved without a revolution—revolution became the only method of salvation. Revolution became the source of all, and it was this idea of revolution which was responsible for Bakunin's influence on the following generations: revolution and not anarchism. And revolution does not mean to Bakunin the inevitable result of inexorable economic conditions, he has no theory of historic predetermination which became the gospel of the future marxists. We know now that it was Bakunin who wrote Nechaiev's revolutionary catechism, and we find there that the revolutionary despises and hates present-day social morality in all its forms and conditions. Everything is moral which helps the triumph of the revolution. All soft and enervating feelings of relationship, friendship, love, gratitude, and honour must be stifled by a cold passion for the revolutionary cause; day and night he must have one thought, one aim: merciless destruction.

These words should be remembered. They seem—indeed they are—very far from the solid theories of Marx and Engels, but we shall find in them an explanation of many things which have happened in October 1917 in the course of the 'ten days that shook the world'. What serves the revolution is moral; this will be the view of a man of ascetic integrity and who thought himself to be an orthodox marxist—Lenin.

The negation of the idea of gradual constitutional progress, the refusal to be satisfied by reforms limiting the absolute power of the Tsar by parliament, the conviction that the development of a strong middle class is an obstacle—this is what ultimately will unite almost all the Russian writers after 1848. A theory is evolved of a social revolution created by an organised and disciplined minority taking power by means of violence. The idea starts with Bakunin, it is followed in the 'seventies by Nechaiev and Tkachev. It becomes practice in 1917. Utopia in Russia is not the communist revolution, says Berdyaev, but on the contrary the liberal and bourgeois revolution.

Nobody contributed to the defeat of liberalism in Russia more than Chernyshevsky. And there are few men who have exercised a more lasting and deep influence on Russian thought than this leader of the intelligentsia whose literary career lasted for less than ten years. He begins as a young man of twenty-seven with a rather dreary doctoral thesis in 1855, he writes for seven years in the monthly review *The Contemporary*, is arrested in 1862, spends two years in the fortress of Peter and Paul, and is deported to Siberia where he stays for twenty years to return to European Russia, a broken man and to die. He becomes sacred to the Russian public not only as a martyr but as an exponent of a rationalist materialism which he combined with a kind of moral asceticism. In his novel, *What To Do*—the only important

work he wrote in the fortress, and, incidentally, the only work available in English—he tries to give a portrait of the ideal radical, a man pure, selfless, whose life is entirely devoted to the people. He had no particular literary gifts, to read him today is often tedious, but he is responsible for the ultimate character of the Russian intelligentsia perhaps more than anyone else. He is, of course, one of the principal heroes in the contemporary Soviet hagiography. Not only was he the only Russian thinker whom Marx and Engels admired (Marx had a very poor opinion of Herzen), he is also welcomed into the holy of holies because he considered that each social economic phase creates a particular ideology which corresponds to the existence of different classes. The present Soviet writers acclaim him because they see in him a communist; he sees in collective property the first and the last stage in the development of society. Chernyshevsky thought that the existence of the village community in Russia would enable her to avoid the capitalist stage and go straight over to socialism.

A Marxist who May Not Have Read 'Das Kapital'

We have heard all this already before but I do not think that Chernyshevsky's powerful influence and prestige is due to the fact that he was a marxist. It is doubtful whether he ever read *Das Kapital*. His influence is due to something else. It is due to his hostility to any kind of compromise, to his consuming passion for a new age of socialism, his conviction that social questions overrule the political, and that there is a gulf between the socialists and the liberals—all this is what passed into the catechism of Russian revolutionary thought. He wrote as early as 1858 that as long as economic inequality exists the masses of the people are not interested in freedom; the socialists must reduce the power and wealth of the upper classes, confer more influence on the lower. How this is achieved is a matter of indifference to the lower classes. And when the contemporary reader saw these lines he knew that the author meant social revolution and not purely political reform. Chernyshevsky thought that of all political parties only the liberal one is irreconcilable with socialism because the socialists are prepared to carry out reforms with the aid of violence and are ready to sacrifice freedom of speech and constitutional forms for the sake of such reforms.

This is the reason, writes Chernyshevsky, why the liberals usually hate the socialists and say that democracy leads to despotism and is a menace to freedom. The overwhelming majority of the peoples is totally indifferent to the rights the liberals are longing for. Therefore liberalism is everywhere condemned to impotence. These words were written nearly 100 years ago, and we have in these few words a comprehensive picture of the development of Russian political thought and an explanation of much which happened afterwards. The Soviet hagiographers are right but for a reason which is wrong, because the Bolshevik revolution cannot be understood without Chernyshevsky. Here, again, another illustration of a very simple fact: a mass movement cannot achieve important results if it has no popular roots, and in order to understand what happened in 1917 it is not sufficient to study the complete works of Marx and Engels. We shall learn more if we read the unsystematic, not very learned, often repetitive journalistic articles of Chernyshevsky.

We see his influence in every movement of the Russian intellectual scene. Adept of Herzen and Bakunin, whether they believed in the communist instincts of the Russian peasant or in a special mission of the Russian people, were united and held together by one belief: the Russian village community will evolve into communism without a prior capitalist stage.

And so arose populism, born out of Herzen and Chernyshevsky, which remained in the vanguard of Russian thought until the end of the century when it came to grips with Russian marxism. Russian marxism won, but it was profoundly affected by populism. Populism meant work for the people and through the people. The populists believed that the true solution of life's problem was hidden from the upper classes and could be found only in the people, mainly in the peasants. The intelligentsia was not *per se* part of the people, it suffered from a sense of responsibility and guilt, it had to go to the people in order to find the truth. It was not only the worship of the plain people, not only the 'going to the people'. Young men and women went into villages and tried to live the life of the peasants. Rural Russia did not understand them whether they came as missionaries or as propagandists, and what happened was described by Turgenev, in *Virgin Soil*. We know that the practical results were insignificant. However, although

the peasants remained quite unresponsive, populism found shortly other outlets for its revolutionary tendencies.

The principal theoretician of Russian marxism, Plekhanov, said in 1884 that the theoretical treatment of the revolutionary question did not make any progress since Chernyshevsky. He accused the populists for their failure to contribute scientific arguments on the question whether Russia has to go through all the phases of western development. This criticism has to be considered in the light of the sometimes ferocious struggle between the populists and the marxists in the end of the nineteenth and the first years of the twentieth century, when Russia's industrial development became so powerful that the problem of a bourgeois revolution supported by the working class was taken up by many marxists, who abandoned the hope of Russia being able to go its own way, without going through all the phases of the western development. Now we know that the early marxists had to give up their western ideas, and that it was the sacrosanct theory of socialism in one country which became victorious. This doctrine, *pace* the orthodox marxists, is nearer to the populist view of the peculiar character of the Russian development, namely, that it was possible to leave out the bourgeois stage. It is therefore quite proper to say that Russian communism has elements of revolutionary populism.

The main representatives of the populist views are writers not—or hardly—heard of in this country: Lavrov and Mikhailovsky. They were both rationalists and positivists greatly under the influence of Comte. They both assumed the unity of theory and practice. Mikhailovsky insisted on the importance of the fact that in Russian the word truth means both truth and justice. He rejected liberalism; political freedom without economic freedom meant nothing to him, the only ethics to him were socialist ethics. Both he and Lavrov saw in socialism a logical application of humanist morality.

In Search of a New Social Order

No less important is the great writer who unfortunately is so little known in this country—Saltykov. 'If society lives without freedom', writes Saltykov, 'it lives without enthusiasm. But what is liberty without the participation in the blessings of life, what is progress without a clearly defined ultimate purpose, and what is justice if it lacks the fire of sacrifice and love?' All those who learned to read between the lines understood the meaning of these prophetic words. Saltykov was expressing the ideals for which the revolutionary youth went readily to the scaffold, to Siberia, and into exile. He was convinced that the basis of the social structure was wrong. 'Russia has lived through the domination of the Tartars, the Muscovite ideals of statesmanship, the insolence of the Petersburg enlightenment, and the yoke of serfdom. She went through all this, and remained an enigma, with no independent social order yet developed'. To find an independent form of social order—which meant an order different from the west—this was the purpose of Russian history.

When the marxists came on the scene the new social order became the problem. Populists formed the party of the revolutionary socialists, marxists the social democratic party. Theoretical discussions whether Russia was to follow her own particular line, based on the village-commune, or carry on a revolution in order first to replace tsarism by a constitutional bourgeois regime, and then to pass on to socialism, these discussions occupied more than twenty years and filled hundreds of books and articles. But, gradually, one tendency emerged—at first rejected by both, finally victorious: revolution is a social revolution, it could be achieved only by insurrection when a well-disciplined minority will take power and impose its will on an amorphous majority. This tendency won; it was personified by Lenin. The leader and his followers—they were very few at the start—sincerely believed that they applied with exactitude the teachings of the beloved masters: Marx and Engels. But we know better. We hear the old, very old voices of Pestel, Belinsky, Herzen, Chernyshevsky.—*Third Programme*

The March number of *The Geographical Magazine* (price 2s. 6d.) contains a photogravure supplement (by John Gosse) showing pictures of the Dordogne, with an article on that region of France by Cyril Connolly. Thomas Huxley writes on the Oxford University Expedition to East Africa in 1951 the object of which was to study the 'status, distribution, and breeding biology of the seabirds' of the islands along the coast; his article is illustrated by some fine colour plates. Other contributors include Hector Bolitho on 'Early Travellers to New Zealand' (the first of two articles); Bernard Llewellyn on 'Life on Chinese Waterways'; Harry Wilcox on 'The Ritual Hunt at Soa'; and H. Dennis Jones on the possibilities of holidaying abroad on £25.

The Mystery of Mind and Brain

By J. Z. YOUNG

SIR CHARLES SHERRINGTON, who last November celebrated his ninety-fourth birthday, has spent most of his life in study of the nervous system. The publication of this second edition of his Gifford Lectures of 1937* gives an opportunity to survey the development of our knowledge of the subject over more than seventy years. Indeed, with Sir Charles' help, we are able to carry the investigation further back still. The material that he used for his lectures was derived from a study of the works of the sixteenth-century French physician, Jean Fernel. He studied Fernel's work with careful scholarship, making a large personal collection of the editions of his author. The remarkable thing about the result is that he manages to show us Fernel's system of medicine in its practical daily use. He does not make the mistake of treating the doctrines of 400 years ago as a ridiculous monstrosity. He shows us vividly how Fernel actually used his knowledge of temperaments, spirits, humours, and the like in the daily care of the sick: also how he tried to use astrology for diagnosis and came to the conclusion that it was no good.

Antique Ideas—and Our Own

The apparent absurdity of antique ideas should act as a reminder of the relativity of our own. Sherrington's Gifford Lectures consist mainly of a discourse about what meaning is to be attached to the concept of mind in the light of what is known about the nervous system. He nowhere casts the problem exactly into this form, but engages, as it were, in a series of struggles to do so. These struggles are as instructive as a commentary on the ideas of his own life-time as his studies of Fernel are of those of the sixteenth century.

Sir Charles' own scientific contribution has consisted mainly in giving us precise knowledge of the reflex actions of the spinal cord. The conceptions with which he worked were of impulses passing along nerve fibres from receptor organs to the spinal cord, whence others are reflected back to the muscles. The link between in-going and out-going fibres occurs at the region that he named the synapse. Much of his work consisted of investigation of the properties of this junction. He found methods by which it could be examined under simplified and standard conditions. Thus it became possible to forecast exactly what degree of contraction of a muscle would follow a given stimulus.

This knowledge provided a prototype with which one could attempt to describe all nervous activity. The system dealt only with nerve fibres, nerve cells, and their impulses, and it was essentially a 'mechanistic' scheme. It held out the hope for an understanding of the nervous system in terms that might have been acceptable to nineteenth-century science. Sir Charles himself presumably cherished this hope—but his Gifford Lectures express, in a way, the extent to which it has failed him. The scheme that he has built leaves him with activities that he would call mental, which he cannot include in the same scheme with the physical activities of the nerves. The analysis of his difficulty throws a fascinating light on the developments that are in process in biology and in science and philosophy as a whole.

It is of course very difficult to make this analysis briefly and yet to do justice to so complicated a theme. Sir Charles, besides being perhaps the greatest experimental physiologist of his time, has a great store of knowledge about human kind. He has an extended and sympathetic awareness of our situation as human beings. Besides his decades of detailed work on the spinal cord, he also provided pioneer work on the functioning of the brain itself. He is therefore better equipped than most of us to make suggestions about mind and brain. Yet I venture to say that the difficulty which worries him is one from which we are beginning to escape.

Let us examine the difficulty. Sir Charles says: 'Our sixteenth-century physician-philosopher, Jean Fernel, supposed in the body a something incorporeal. The material body did not make itself. The body was tenanted by a principle which made it live'. He goes on to explain what Fernel would have meant by this principle, the 'anima' or soul, and to examine the beliefs about religion, magic, and astrology on which this meaning was based. Fernel, a very able man, himself went

some way forward from the medieval position. 'Struggling over this quicksand he had one rock of foothold. It was largely of his own finding, for his teachers and colleagues recognised it little: it was a first-hand observation of "fact"'. He impressed that on his pupils'. The success of this method has, as Sherrington puts it, allowed us 'to escape from a long nightmare, to exchange a monstrous world for one relatively sane. To see, and, where we can, to disentangle, the facts of Nature free from those perplexing mysteries which were in truth not there'.

And yet, in spite of all his science, Sherrington is still perplexed by the mystery of mind and body. Is it possible that this, too, is one of these mysteries that are not there? Let us look at the picture he presents of nervous action, trying to see why it is that he finds that the pigments he uses to paint it will not portray the entity called mind. He describes the activity of the brain in most vivid language:

Imagine activities in the brain shown by little points of light. Of these some, stationary, flash rhythmically, faster or slower. Others are travelling points, streaming in serial trains at various speeds. Suppose we choose the hour of deep sleep. Then only in some sparse and out of the way places are nodes flashing and trains of light-points running. The great, knotted head-piece of the whole sleeping system lies for the most part dark.

Should we continue to watch the scheme we should observe after a time an impressive change which suddenly accrues. In the great head-piece spring up myriads of twinkling, stationary lights and myriads of trains of moving lights of many different directions. The great topmost sheet becomes now a sparkling field of rhythmic flashing points with trains of travelling sparks hurrying hither and thither. The brain is waking and with it the mind is returning. It is as if the Milky Way entered upon some cosmic dance. Swiftly the head-mass becomes an enchanted loom where millions of flashing shuttles weave a dissolving pattern. The body is up and rises to meet its waking day.

The picture is an appealing one, and gives us a good idea of the intense activity within the brain. Yet we are left with the gloomy fact that the scheme of which this is a poetic expression is inadequate to serve as a basis for action: it is of very little use to a physician who wishes to cure people of the illnesses commonly called mental. As Sir Charles says elsewhere: 'The student of the mind, for instance, the practical psychiatrist at the mental hospital, must find the physiology of the brain still remote and vague for his desiderata on the subject'. And again, 'what has physiology to offer on the whole subject of "anxiety"?'.

'The Gap which Parts Psychiatry and Physiology'

Yet even since these Gifford Lectures were written, study of the frontal lobes has begun to throw some light upon this very subject of anxiety. But the difficulty he speaks of certainly remains acute. He believes that it is not merely due to a lack of correspondence between the complexity of what we know of the brain and of the actions that we call mental. The difficulty, he thinks, is more profound. 'The mental is not examinable as a form of energy. That in brief is the gap which parts psychiatry and physiology'.

The majority of people will probably feel inclined to agree with him. It is still not at all fashionable to try to talk in any terms which do not recognise the classical categories of body and mind. Those who attempt to find a solution to the problem are often met with dogmatic assertion or ridicule rather than with argument. Nevertheless, we now have a new language for tackling the problem, which promises to be so powerful that it will almost certainly spread until our present terminology seems as antiquated as that of Fernel. We can, perhaps, glimpse the solution by considering some of the tools that have become sharpened to usefulness since Sir Charles wrote his Gifford Lectures in 1937. A whole science of 'information theory' has grown up, dealing for the first time in an exact way with the analysis of the messages by which we communicate. This has become allied with the development of machines able to perform in a few seconds calculations that were never possible before. These machines in turn are beginning to give us a way of speaking about the still more complicated calculations that

* *Man On His Nature* (Cambridge University Press, 30s.)

the brain performs. Memory in particular is no longer quite the mystery that it used to be. We can begin to see it as a problem subject to experimental attack. We are able, with new statistical methods, to begin to study not merely the events at single synapses and along single lines of conduction. We can find methods for speaking about the whole pattern of the enchanted loom.

'We Are Part of Nature'

Perhaps most important of all, we are beginning to realise the full implications of the fact that in all our actions, including those of speech, we are part of nature. All our words, including such difficult ones as 'mind', are signs, by which we try to produce appropriate reactions in each other. Looking at the situations in which we use such words as 'mental activity' we find that they indicate a form of behaviour not different in principle from 'heart activity', 'lung activity', or 'leg activity'. The apparent difference, which has been so often commented on by philosophers, is a result of the delay between reception and action and the difficulty we have in recognising the functions and limitations of language behaviour. When a man says 'I see a lion jumping', the pattern of light on his retina, acting through the brain, leads him to pass to his listeners valuable information upon which they can act. The statement, 'I am thinking how the lion jumped', seems at first to defy such an interpretation.

But if we consider the influence of the memory engram printed on the brain we shall find that there is no difference in principle. When a person says 'I am thinking this or that', a pattern arising in his brain (however stimulated) is leading him to make a statement conveying information. The only difference from a statement about what he sees is that the value of remembered information to the recipient is usually less immediate. Still less direct is the value to the ultimate listeners of internal, unvoiced speech, or thinking. Sir Charles himself in his central work, *The Integrative Action of the Nervous System*, showed how we can only understand any action if we consider how it tends to preserve the organism that performs it. This principle gains further value as we recognise that words themselves can be understood only when we consider the part that they play in the life system of the people who use them.

The importance of treating man as part of nature is one of the recurrent themes of Sherrington's work. That he has not felt able in this way to produce a single unified system of thought is a sign of his awareness of the difficulties. It does not mean that it cannot be done, as some people would very much like us to believe. His work is not nearly so far out of line with the development of what we might call behaviourist thought as is supposed by many in Russia, and elsewhere. But he knows very well that simplification may be a source of weakness as well as strength, and he expresses a delicate appraisal when he says 'We may feel Descartes perhaps cut Gordian knots with a slash'. He is concerned, as any scientist should be, that in perfecting one system we should not be barring the way to the development of others. 'Our task', Fernel says, 'now that we have dealt with the excellent structure of the body, cannot stop there, because a man is a body and a mind together'. Even if we reject the particular status that Fernel and Sherrington would give to the mind we can still take their insistence upon it as a warning against over-simplification.

Indeed, even if we can find a language that helps to solve the difficulty about mind and brain, 'there remains and to spare of deeper mystery'. Sir Charles has much to say of the human characteristic of wonder, which indeed increases rather than diminishes as we come to know more and to say more.

Leonardo's notebooks, portraying nature without superstition, are yet pervaded by its mystery. Today man can go out into the natural world without carrying the distortion of monstrosity with him. We can see with whom it is we talk. What wears a divine livery can without fear or favour display it to man's gaze. The position for reading from Nature's lips what she may have to say of Godhead never yet in the past was what it is for us today.

I have tried to give an idea of the content of Sherrington's Gifford Lectures in relation to developments that have been going on since they were written. I have done this largely by quotation from his own words. His gift of expression, and his ability to penetrate our problems, make quotation easy—indeed, a pleasure. He has always shown the sharpest appreciation of language and of what it should convey. Of course, it must not be supposed that when he is describing the results of experiments he uses language such as I have been quoting. His scientific papers are beautiful in their own way—conveying the maxi-

mum of detail, often in figures, and without elaboration of language. It is an interesting fact that a man who is so conspicuously able at choosing interesting experiments and describing their results should also be a master at appraising the more subtle human needs that can only, at present, be expressed in poetry.

On the last page of his lectures, Sherrington returns once again to stress the responsibility to avoid easy solutions. He shows with startling finality his belief that the attempt to depend on outside aid is over, and that the future lies in the study of human communication.

Compared with a situation where the human mind beset with its perplexities had higher mind and higher personality than itself to lean on and to seek counsel from, this other situation, where it has no appeal and no resort from help beyond itself has an element of tragedy and pathos. Ours is a situation which transforms the human spirit's task, almost beyond recognition, to one of loftier responsibility. We have, because human, a prerogative of responsibility which we cannot devolve, no, not as once was thought, even upon the stars. We can share it only with each other.

—Third Programme

For the Record

... vox manet, ossa ferunt lapidis fraxisse figuram ...

In the virgin wax that like a dark,
Unsounded lake is fixed upon this wheel
Of fate, the face I once loved well
Is seen, a stranger's still; and yet the mark
It makes upon me, and upon the glass
Of this impressionable mirror counts no more.
For I can look into the eyes that still implore,
And turn away. A god has freed me from his terrible embrace.

And now, casting like stones into the pool
The words whose ripples mar that silent face,
My voice, that in this poem speaks, will trace
The soundings that my heart can not control ...
Alas, the fatal disk reveals another myth,
And Echo, that enchanter who deceived the air
With words of love, tells me my voice is fair.
Is fair; and haunts my foolish ears with death. With death.

JAMES KIRKUP

The Crack

In summer the garden where we played
Shrivelled in the brassy heat.
Frogs lay gasping on the mud.
Cracks opened beneath our feet.
And down one crack my sixpence rolled
Quicksilver-quick and was not found
By fingers fumbling in the rut.
Tears watered the thirsty ground.

Later I asked, What could they do,
Those tears, to fetch my wonder back?
It seemed an impertinence to weep—
Had not a god decreed that crack
And split creation clean across
More than a million griefs ago?
It seemed an impertinence to weep.
The gaping ground reproved me so.

Yet there's a demon in my mind
That bids me plunge my arm deep down
And drag the wealth and wonder up
My suffering manhood would disown.
Then, all restored, the broken earth
Would shudder, creation close its wound,
The garden reverberate with the voice
I hid from once, now run to find.

J. C. HALL

NEWS DIARY

February 27-March 4

Wednesday, February 27

Estimates for coming financial year show decrease of £240,000,000

General Council of T.U.C. puts views on Budget before Chancellor of the Exchequer

Sir Oliver Franks, British Ambassador in Washington, declines post of Secretary-General of N.A.T.O.

Thursday, February 28

Higher subsidies for new council houses announced by Minister of Housing

New French Government defeated in Chamber and resigns

Mr. Eden makes statement in Commons about achievements of N.A.T.O.

Mr. Massey assumes office as first Canadian-born Governor-General of Canada

Friday, February 29

Lord Waverley resigns Chairmanship of Royal Commission on Taxation

French National Assembly approves Emergency Bill to finance deficit during the political crisis. President Auriol invites M. Reynaud to try to form a new Government

Saturday, March 1

The Egyptian Prime Minister Aly Maher Pasha resigns

Hongkong police restore order on mainland at Kowloon after clashes with communists

Delegates to Korean truce talks discuss membership of armistice commission

Sunday, March 2

M. Reynaud fails to form a new French Government

Neguid el-Hilaly Pasha is appointed Prime Minister of Egypt and suspends Parliament for one month

Higher bus and railway fares come into force in London

Monday, March 3

M. Pinay, formerly Minister of Transport, invited to form new French Government

General Eisenhower visits Turkey

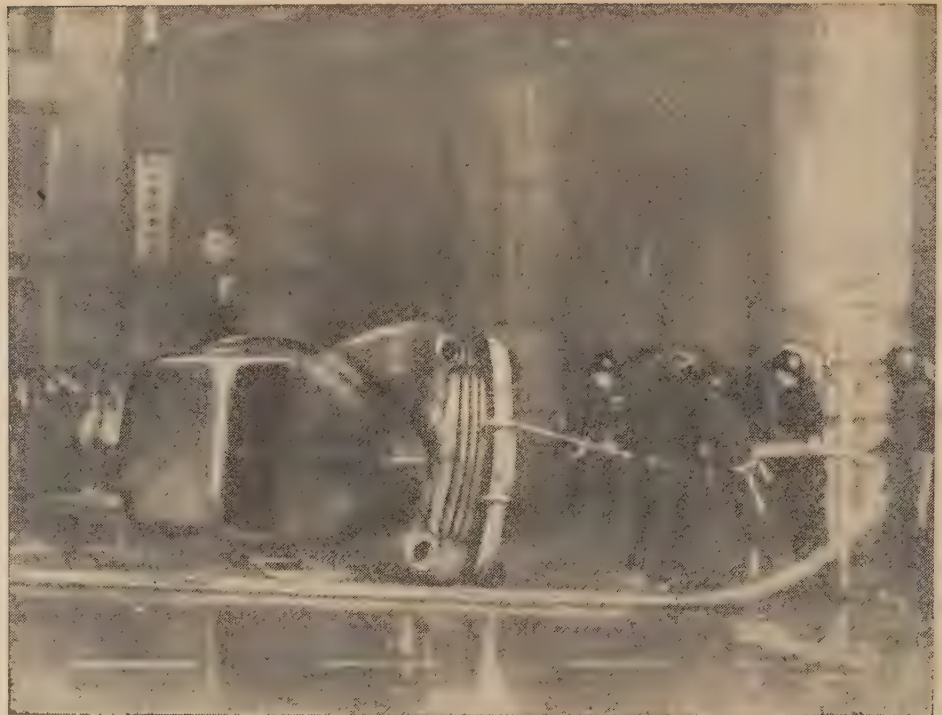
Thirty-eight killed when French airliner crashes near Nice

Tuesday, March 4

Many killed in earthquake in Northern Japan

Commons debate Central African Federation

North Atlantic Treaty forces take part in naval exercise, 'Grand Slam', off Sardinia



Firemen playing their hoses on a police car which had been overturned and set on fire by rioters in the main street of Kowloon (the mainland territory of Hongkong) last Saturday. The trouble broke out when a Chinese communist welfare mission from Canton failed to arrive at the railway station where a large crowd had gathered to welcome it. The Hongkong Government had already made it clear that the mission would be refused permission to enter the colony and the mission had itself decided to postpone its visit, but this information was not passed on to its members by the local Federation of Trade Unions. Twelve people were injured, but normal conditions were restored by the evening



Hindu pilgrims assembled in the Hooghly River at Calcutta on February 25 to await the eclipse of the sun which for the first time for centuries coincided with the Hindu bathing festival of *Somavati Amavas*. Similar ceremonies took place in sacred lakes and rivers throughout India when the pilgrims prayed for the sun god 'in his fight against the devouring demon'



The scene in the Albert Hall during Welsh Association in celebration of bear the arms of





Admiral L. D. McCormick, Supreme Allied Commander for the Atlantic, visited London last weekend for talks with Service chiefs. He is on a tour of countries taking part in the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation's naval programme. Admiral McCormick is seen (second from left) at the Admiralty with Mr. J. P. L. Thomas, First Lord of the Admiralty, Admiral Sir Rhoderick R. McGrigor, First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff, and Vice-Admiral Sir William G. Andrewes, Deputy to Admiral McCormick. On March 3, Admiral McCormick dined with the Prime Minister before leaving for Copenhagen



A mechanical ditcher cutting a bed for the Iraq Petroleum Company's new 30-inch oil pipeline from Kirkuk in north Iraq to Baniyas on the coast of Syria. The 560-mile pipeline is expected to be ready to operate by April and will greatly expand production in the North Iraq oilfields (it is estimated that it will convey 14,000,000 tons of crude oil a year)



Festival Concert held by the London Welsh Society on March 1. The banners represent the four counties of Wales.



Members of the Don Cossack Chorus and Dancers giving an impromptu performance on the platform of Liverpool Street Station after their arrival in London last Sunday. The company, which is completing a four-months' tour of Europe, will give concerts in London this week



Left: a sheep on Small Brook Farm, near Crediton, Devonshire, with her family of quadruplets, born last week



King's and Jesus III competing in Division II of the University Lent Races at Cambridge last week. Seventy-nine crews took part; Jesus finished head of the river

Sense and Common Sense

By W. HAAS

I WANT to discuss some very familiar things, trifling things, lightly referred to on many occasions, but which (as happens so often) turn out to be very puzzling, very problematical, and not unimportant at all, as soon as we try to think them out. If an Englishman were asked to name the English virtues, he would be certain, I think, to include two: common sense and a sense of humour. It is extremely difficult to define these two in any exact way; but 300 years of English philosophy have had some measure of success in the matter. English philosophy is renowned for its persistent endeavour to define common sense—and define it in such a way as to make everything beyond its boundaries seem more or less nonsense—while at the same time showing a good-humoured toleration of such nonsense.

I do not think myself that other nations have less common sense than the English. But they do not seem to trust it to the same extent. They do not believe in it so passionately. Consequently, they tend to take more seriously what lies beyond it. It is true the English belief in common sense has never been secure from spirited internal attack. The tolerant English sense of humour permits such attacks, and adventurous minds keep seizing opportunities. Indeed, this no less indigenous spirit of adventure attacking common sense is what, again and again, has saved intellectual life in England from the stagnation of humdrum use and conventional boredom.

Adventurous Witticisms of Science

I am thinking here, for instance, of some of the piercing shafts, the adventurous witticisms, of science. These were tolerated in this country when sternly refused admission on the Continent. For example, to say that the earth moved round the sun and also on its own axis, when the plain common sense of the matter was that the sun rose every morning and set every night, would be tolerated here even by the ordinary non-scientific public—tolerated as a *bon mot* to be appreciated and not to be grudged to the scientific fancy. Again, to say that every material body moved along a straight line, until interfered with by something, when common sense knows quite well that, on the contrary, everything is at rest until movement is imparted to it—this could be taken as another adventure in looking at things upside down. And so science was left to do its work. It could advance.

In a way, all this scientific talk is not unlike the nonsense which Chesterton once wrote to defend—a nonsense which, as he says, 'must have its own version of the Cosmos to offer. . . . Everything has another side to it like the moon, the patroness of nonsense. Viewed from that other side, a bird is a blossom broken loose from its chain of stalk, a man a quadruped begging on its hind legs, a house a gigantesque hat to cover a man from the sun, a chair an apparatus of four legs for a cripple with only two'. Why then, one might add, should the scientist not be free, if he so wishes, to view our moving sun as a stationary luminary with an observer turning about and around it, or to consider a body at rest as a body arrested in its motion? Mere jests of the imagination, adventures in defiance of common sense.

Of course, the scientist's ways of trespassing beyond common sense differ from the poet's. The scientific brand of imaginative nonsense has a strong, almost an overpowering, claim to be taken seriously, and it was not long before a way was found to bring the scientist's nonsense within the boundaries of good English common sense—promoting it to what Thomas Henry Huxley called 'organised common sense', and Professor C. D. Broad is now calling 'educated common sense'. Philosophers have given good reasons for making such a distinction between the scientific and the poetic imagination. The extravagant statements of science are taken seriously because their acceptance is always made dependent on the truth of certain common-sense statements—such as, 'the sun is rising', and 'the sun is setting'. Scientific statements, however extravagant, are, in a very precise way, verifiable or at any rate falsifiable, by the verification or falsification of the

common-sense statements which they entail. And this being so, they share in the privileged meaningfulness of the language of common sense.

What is this privilege due to, this privilege of meaningfulness which is granted in such eminent degree to common-sense statements? I think it is this: that they are statements which may be known to be either definitely true or definitely false. This is the sense in which 'there is no nonsense about them'. They indicate that something is either present or absent. They are 'true-or-false' answers to yes-or-no questions. They assert the presence or absence of something to be picked out from the situations to which they refer. They are true or false in this analytical sense. There can be no doubt that this is useful. Concentrating on giving plain answers to plain questions we attain greater efficiency in the pursuit of our ordinary daily business. But such efficiency does not seem to be everything, and there has never been any lack of rebels who resent the restriction of sense to common sense—protesting that much that is important, perhaps everything that is most important, is left out of account, if we restrict our meanings to the truth or falsehood of analysis.

Consider, for instance, the following extracts taken from a book on English law:

Of crimes against bodily security by far the most important is Homicide, or causing the death of a human being. Not *all* homicides are, of course, unlawful. The executioner who carries out a death sentence, . . . the surgeon who, in the careful and skilful performance of an . . . operation, causes death, are but *performing their duty*. The driver of an express train who kills a . . . pedestrian . . . is by all legal and moral standards *guiltless*. . . . The citizen who . . . in self-defence takes the life of a human being commits *justifiable homicide*.

The action of causing the death of a human being is criminal only in some cases, while in others it is guiltless, justifiable, or even meritorious.

Difficulty of Being Just

If now we ask what it is that distinguishes murder or manslaughter from other cases of homicide, the action of killing being present in all, we must say that it is something *additional* to the action, something else in the total situation, and something that cannot be generally defined or definitely indicated or picked out in the way in which homicide can. But if this is so, then to say that someone has committed murder never means to assert anything which was just present or absent. Criminality, in other words, is not a thing or quality to be picked out. Judging that that man is a criminal or that he is kind, or a rogue, or a gentleman, is not like judging that he has taken life or that he is six feet tall. *These* statements would be just true or false. No additional facts could make any such difference to their truth or falsity, as being an executioner, being a surgeon, being a soldier, being a driver, being tipsy or sober, or any of an indefinite variety of other facts do essentially make a difference to the justness of our legal and moral judgments. This is why it is so much more difficult to be just than it is to tell the truth.

Similar considerations apply to every kind of value-judgment. The beauty of a flower is nothing to be picked like the flower, or to be picked out like its colour or shape. Imagine the following dialogue about the architecture in front of some pretentious buildings:

'How ugly!'

'What?'

'This row of columns'.

'What is wrong with the columns? I can see them as being most beautiful'.

'How?'

'Take away that wall behind. Let a blue Mediterranean sky be shining through, and instead of encased here in a street, let them be standing freely on a hill, and not harbouring offices and desks, but serving as a place of worship'.

'Oh yes; but that would be different'.

No doubt—that *would* be different; yet it would be the same columns

which from being ugly had become beautiful. The point is that their beauty or ugliness is nothing *in* the columns, nothing to be picked out, although it is something to which the columns contribute.

In this way, it is the addition or subtraction of *other* things that may make all the difference between the beauty and ugliness of a thing. To see beauty or ugliness we must do more than pick out a thing or quality. We must try to see as wide and rich a context as possible. This is why it is much more difficult to assess justly an unfamiliar work of art than it is to judge truly of new scientific facts. In both cases, we are referring to *objective* facts. But the facts referred to in moral and aesthetic judgments are not to be described by common-sense analysis; they can be reached only by the synoptic effort of a far and wide roaming imagination. The correctness, the justness, the appropriateness of our moral and aesthetic judgments will depend on how nearly complete a view we attain of the relevant situation. But this will remain unattainable, if we insist on always practising analytical common sense.

Extremely important though it is to practise common sense, there are occasions when something different is wanted: when our need and desire is not to concentrate on this or that selected spot, not to analyse but to appraise. Sometimes, when we do not ask what is or is not, but what ought to be, or what is desirable; or when we do not ask whether that building is a bank or not, but whether it is beautiful—on occasions like these, what we try to do is not to pick out but to connect, not to train a searchlight on some particular spot leaving the rest in the dark, but to illuminate to the utmost limits of our horizon. Then, in order to say what we perceive, we may be forced to speak in a way which

to common sense appears to be paradoxical, absurd, even nonsensical.

It is easy to see how the appearance of absurdity arises. Words which in common-sense usage are fixed to one sort of thing only are being used to suggest other things, as well. A wider context is to be added: it is to be found in the very gaps which separate our words, in their queer and seemingly absurd combinations. To such purpose, the scientist looking for systematic connection may be forced to speak of the moving sun being fixed, or the soldier of the duty of killing, or the doctor of the merciful act of lying, and the like. The gaps are there, to be bridged only by a leap of the imagination. We are challenged, by the very appearance of absurdity, to provide the context in which observed motion ceases to contradict real fixity, or, again, to supply the context where the notion of duty is joined to an act of killing, or mercy joined to deceit.

We shall never succeed in apprehending such contexts if we insist on asking analytical yes-or-no questions: Is the sun moving, or is it not? Is killing a crime, or is it not? Are columns beautiful or not? Such questions are pointless. To be able to judge of values—the adequacy of a system, the rightness of an action, the beauty of a thing—we must abandon the procedure of pinpointing facts and learn to respond to contexts. Values do not reside in particular spots. What we need to perceive them is not merely sound common sense, but imagination; not the skill of analysis but a capacity of synoptic vision. And to indicate what we so perceive, we may have to defy common usage and claim something very much akin to 'poetic license'. We may be forced to speak strangely in order to speak revealingly, and be able to speak revealingly only if we consent to speak strangely.

—Third Programme

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Is Modern Science Good or Evil?

Sir,—I am sorry that a remark of mine in a recent broadcast talk which you published on February 21 should have so much disturbed your correspondent Mr. P. J. Anstey. When I said that I did not see why 'ethical principles should progress, in the same way as science progresses', I meant exactly what I said. Science progresses because people have ideas, and interpret them in terms of an experiment. The ideas may be entirely new and quite incomprehensible to former generations; or, equally, they may be revised versions of principles with an august pedigree behind them.

I am a physicist, and only yet in middle age. Yet I have seen an Uncertainty Principle, a Correspondence Principle, and a Reciprocity Principle (to name but three) all enunciated in the past thirty years, and all representing new modes of thinking. But I have also seen a Cosmological Principle, which would have been perfectly understandable in its basic idea to any decent Pythagorean, even though the quantities with which it deals would all be foreign to his way of thinking. I did not deny that ethical principles change, but I did assert that their development was in no sense comparable with that of science. If your correspondent really thinks it is, we may not unreasonably ask him for some recent examples, either representing new insights or re-presenting old ones, which would match the list which I gave above, and which I could very easily extend. When providing this list he should remember that I said 'science' and not 'scientific methodology'.

There is one very important reason why Mr. Anstey's line of thought is dangerous. A person who asserts that ethical principles change in the same way as science, has put one foot forward on the slippery path which begins by seeing God in people and ends by seeing people, but not God. By denying that ethics is rooted in a view of man's personality and his destiny in which

character and responsibility have a role not wholly scientific, they are the more likely to fall victim to John Dewey's dangerous half-truth: 'morality is an engineering issue'. Life does not sort us into neat scientific categories. If we try to force it, we shall discover that we have lost a sense of the unconditional, and, as Kierkegaard has put it, will ultimately find ourselves part of a whirlpool from which there is no escape.

I agree with Mr. Anstey that we do not wholly 'understand' any of these principles. Our actions would belie any such claim. And both science and religion continually make the act of faith which believes that there is more to be experienced and deduced from our principles than we have yet seen. As a Christian, and at the same time a professional scientist, I believe this to be exceedingly important, since it seems to link these two 'ways of knowing' at a deep and fundamental level. But that says nothing about *how* they develop. God can reveal Himself in many ways. The scientific method may be one of the more magnificent; but it is not exclusive. Ethics may—and should—be scientific; but it should be a lot more than this.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.2

C. A. COULSON

Moving Into Aquarius

Sir,—I answer J. E. Nuttgens' letter with trepidation. For the bog we shall all instantly fall into is that of verbal misapprehension and confusion. The more we explain ourselves the less we shall be understood. Perhaps that is the chief pleasure of public correspondence, so let us once more indulge.

If J. E. Nuttgens thought my talk discussed directly the old problem of artistic intelligibility, he was mistaken. I was discussing the change of taste that lies between *Idylls of the King* and *The Waste Land*, and was concerned to find general reasons why the Expressionists and Cubists had a different apprehension of truth and reality from the Victorians. The question of

intelligibility entered into my discussion only indirectly, in that it is reasonable to say that *Finnegans Wake* is less of a yarn than *Lord Jim*. 'A life-time's study' of *Finnegans Wake* will never make it a yarn. Two life-times' study will never turn 'the gibberish of Danny Kaye, or even any trash read backwards' into *Finnegans Wake*. The only way in which the 'curiously shaped flint' from J. E. Nuttgens' garden could enter into the real discussion, would be if it were some psychological touchstone to its owner's own taste. Did it have a hole in the middle where there *should* have been a stomach? Otherwise I have no interest whether J. E. Nuttgens takes his stone to his mantelpiece or leaves it in the dustbin.—Yours, etc.,

Tidebrook

MICHAEL TIPPETT

'Panzer Leader'

Sir,—The reviewer of General Guderian's memoirs, in THE LISTENER of February 28, argues that Hitler was right 'when on May 24' he ordered a halt in the advance on Dunkirk:

... for if Guderian's armour had gone on it might have battered itself almost to pieces against the B.E.F. fighting 'with its back to the wall' at Dunkirk. . . .

Your reviewer does not seem to realise that on May 24, when Guderian's force had arrived at Gravelines, only ten miles from Dunkirk, the B.E.F. was still a long way distant from that one remaining escape-port. Far from having "its back to the wall" at Dunkirk, Guderian was behind its back—and without any serious opposition on the short run into Dunkirk. Only one British battalion then covered the twenty-mile stretch of the Aa canal-line from Gravelines to St. Omer—the only anti-tank obstacle on this flank', as Lord Gort said in his despatch. Moreover the Germans had already crossed the canal at a number of places on the 23rd! Historical and military judgment both turn on the time-factor.



For Chaucer's Nun in *The Canterbury Tales* the world began in March. Certainly March spells the active and ever-renewed beginning of the gardener's world.

The experienced gardener does not expect the soil to offer its rewards without effort on his part. But what he looks for is the greatest return for his labour. Hence the need for expert advice on methods of combating weeds and pests, frost and disease, and on labour-saving methods generally.

This is the principal theme of the new **SURVEY OF GARDENING** by *The Times*. There are special articles dealing with weed-killers, the protection of fruit, the use of cloches for producing early and late crops, together with similarly sound instruction on the cultivation of asparagus, melons, anemones and violets, and a survey of the latest plant introductions.

THE TIMES SURVEY OF GARDENING

MARCH 1952

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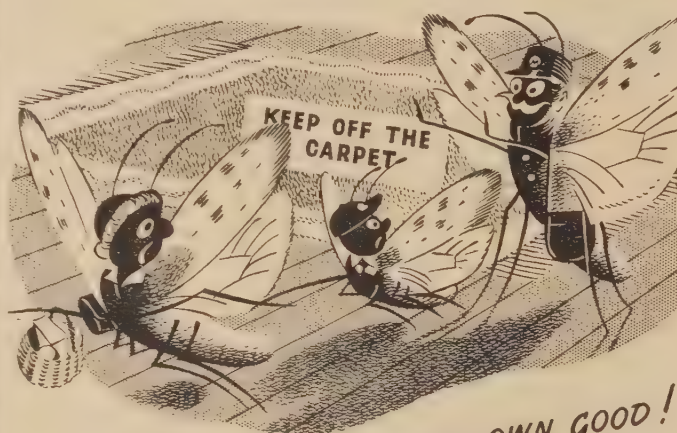
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BLACKWOOD MORTON KILMARNOCK

Your reviewer then makes another strange comment:

Guderian was the great German protagonist of the tank, and of the *Blitzkrieg* . . . but the claim of the foreword that he was the exponent of 'a new idea' cannot stand the scrutiny of history. The idea was an old one: Marlborough made use of it in his penetration of the line of the Geet at Elixem. Haig acted on that idea at Cambrai; he failed for various reasons . . . but the idea was essentially the same: indeed Guderian admits that he got the idea from that battle.

The reviewer here shows that he has not grasped, even yet, the decisive features of the *blitzkrieg*; which produced the Franco-British armies' collapse in 1940. He is like a man still wondering 'what hit me?'

On the tactical plane, the tank-mechanised, infantry-divebombing combination was distinctly 'new' in idea compared with Marlborough's method at Elixem and Haig's at Cambrai! But even more vital was the difference of method, as well as result, between a tactical penetration with a limited aim—as at Elixem and Cambrai—and a deep strategic penetration with a decisive aim. If Guderian, after breaking through the French line at Sedan, had waited until the mass of the army came up to support him, the French would have had a chance of recovery. Likewise, if he had stopped to finish the local battle, by turning against the enemy's immediate rear. It was by driving 160-miles deep (to the Channel coast) and cutting the enemy's main artery of supply far back (at Amiens) that he paralysed the French armies—and virtually decided the issue of the whole campaign in the west. Such a strategically decisive stroke by a mobile force, forming only a small fraction of the army, was essentially 'new' in warfare.

Anyone who has read *Panzer Leader* will be aware that your reviewer has misquoted it when he says, with reference to Cambrai, 'Guderian admits that he got the idea from that battle'. But those who have not read the book may be misled. For Guderian, after referring to the value of 'the concentration of armour, as employed at Cambrai', differentiates between that and the more advanced idea of 'the use of armoured forces for long-range strokes, operations against the opposing army's communications'—and says that he took this idea from my writings. The concentration of armour was only a part of

the key to the initial part of the problem.

Finally, your reviewer cavils at the remark in the foreword that the tremendous victories of 1940 were 'brought about' by Guderian. He argues:

This is an unscientific claim. Victories are not 'brought about' by the efforts of one man—especially a subordinate. Victories are like plum pudding—an amalgam of many ingredients . . . The supreme commander—and still more a subordinate such as Guderian was—is only one of these ingredients.

The simile is not well chosen—as everybody knows that the ingredients do not make a plum pudding unless there is a cook. If all supreme commanders are only to be regarded as 'ingredients', then all historians are unscientific when they speak of 'Napoleon's victories'. If subordinates especially are to be discounted, then historians are mistaken when they say that Nelson brought about the victories at Copenhagen, the Nile, and Trafalgar. It is hard to believe that your reviewer would carry pedantry to such an absurd extreme.

The justification for saying that Guderian brought about victories is still more ample. It rests not only on the fact that he led the breakthrough into France and the drive to the Channel, turning a Nelsonian blind eye to the nervous attempts of Hitler and the Higher Command to hold him back. For, prior to that decisive initiative in the field, he took the leading part in moulding the *panzer* force instrument of victory, and in developing the tactical and strategical method of applying it—introducing into warfare a revolutionary type of force and a revolutionary technique. It is hard to think of any parallel in history for such a triple achievement by any commander.—Yours, etc.,

Wolverton

B. H. LIDDELL HART

What Makes a Good Advocate?

Sir,—In his talk on advocacy printed in *THE LISTENER* of February 28 Sir Norman Birkett ascribes to John Aubrey the encomium on Bacon which includes the phrases 'his hearers could not look aside from him without loss' and 'the fear of all that heard him that he would make an end'. By a strange coincidence, I used the same passage in the last of my 'Our Living Language' series (broadcast February 25), ascribing it to Ben Jonson. It will be found in *Timber or Discoveries*, Section lxxi, headed

'Dominus Verulamius'; and Aubrey, in repeating it, refers it to Jonson (*Brief Lives* ed. A. Clark, Oxford i. 68). Sir Norman evidently subpoena'd the wrong witness; and as I hold a watching brief for Jonson, I take leave to correct him.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

A. P. ROSSITER

Thoughts on Coventry Cathedral

Sir,—You may wonder why anybody in Canada is particularly interested in Coventry Cathedral. For the information of your readers I may say that the Canadian College of Organists has undertaken to provide the funds for the organ in the new cathedral. The required amount has already been almost raised. As a subscriber to this fund, and an amateur organist, I am hoping to see that the instrument will be installed in a worthy building.

I confess to being a traditionalist in matters of church architecture, but when I consider the history of the great cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York, I am not too deeply concerned, at the moment, about the plan that has been selected for Coventry. When the New York cathedral was projected, there was a nation-wide competition for designs. The plan selected, by Heins and La Farge, was an ingenious adaptation of Romanesque architecture in a style popular in those days, about 1890. Sounds familiar, doesn't it? The foundation stone was laid on December 27, 1892. By 1911, only the Lady Chapel and the Choir had been built. In April of 1911 the original plan was abandoned. Messrs. Cram and Ferguson were appointed architects, and prepared a new design, in French Gothic. The choir has been remodelled, and the nave built to the new plan. In twenty years' time, or less, there may be a different view from the part of the authorities as to the suitability of the proposed plan for Coventry.—Yours, etc.,

Toronto, 3

P. DOUGLAS KNOWLES

George Stubbs

Sir,—I am completing a life of the painter George Stubbs (1724-1806) and a catalogue raisonné of his work. I should be grateful for information from those owning pictures and drawings by this artist who have not already assisted me.—Yours, etc.,

86c, Philbeach Gardens,
London, S.W.5.

BASIL TAYLOR

March in the Garden

By P. J. THROWER

TAKING a walk round the garden the other day I realised how many jobs there are to be done in March. I noticed the wallflowers, polyanthus, and other spring bedding plants have come through the winter very well so far, and I also noticed that the frosts have lifted and loosened a good many of them. These will have to be firmed in carefully, and should be pressed round with the fingers to make sure they are firm. I noticed, too, that the little *Primula Wanda*, that little purple primrose, is beginning to show its flowers, and, what is more, the sparrows love it and are already picking the buds out. It is worth a few strands of black cotton to keep them off. The grass on the lawn is showing signs of new growth, and there is a job to be done.

Another job will be on the roses: the hybrid tea and polyantha roses must be pruned towards the end of the month. It is best to leave them until the last week, then there is not much fear of the young growths, which will arise after the pruning, being caught with late frosts. Do not

be afraid to cut them well back; you can leave up to nine inches of growth. The climbing roses on the wall or trellis also call for attention. Only the side growths of these are pruned back to within an inch of the main stems, and any growths you do not need for training in can be cut back as well.

And there is shrub pruning, too: all last year's growth on the buddleias will want to be cut back, leaving about two inches of growth from where growth started twelve months ago. If you have a ceanothus on the wall or in the shrubbery this will want pruning back. All shrubs that flower on the young growths want pruning back in the spring; and, of course, the clematis is one of these. You can trim back and thin out the growths of the yellow winter-flowering jasmine. This will encourage it to make some good strong growths which will flower again for you next winter.

Now let us look at the vegetable garden. This month you can sow broad beans, parsnips, peas, onions, lettuce, and, of course, Brussels sprouts

because these must be sown early to get good plants for planting out in May and early June. An early cabbage can be sown as well. The spring cabbage have wintered fairly well in most parts and are beginning to show signs of new growth. These will repay you for a light sprinkling of a good fertiliser round each one. Keep it off the leaves and just lightly stir it into the soil with the Dutch hoe.

In the garden frame we can sow cauliflowers and leeks, and then plant them out in the garden later in the spring. And in the greenhouse the chrysanthemums are ready for potting. A week or two after potting they will be better out in the frame where they can be given plenty of air to keep them sturdy. The geranium cuttings rooted in the autumn are ready for a pot, too; so are the fuchsias. The seedlings from last month's sowing will be ready for pricking out. Do not leave them in seed boxes where they are overcrowded. After the middle of the month most of the half-hardy annuals can be sown.

—From a talk in the Midland Home Service

G. K. Chesterton: Prophet and Jester

By MICHAEL ASQUITH

I SUPPOSE the vivid impressions of our childhood are rather like certain Italian primitive paintings. They show the same kind of disproportion, the same crudity—sometimes they have the same kind of charm. My own memories of G. K. Chesterton are something like this. They are vivid but subjective—a sketch rather than a portrait—and probably a very crude sketch at that. During the time I knew him I was still a child, so it is perhaps not surprising that my first impression is not of him but of his trousers. (As a matter of fact, I think anyone would have found them impressive.) I should perhaps explain that the first time I met them they were without Chesterton. They were being carried reverently along the passage by the butler, in a country house where I spent a large part of my childhood. This house in the Cotswolds belonged to my grandfather: but during the summer months it was regularly taken by Sir James Barrie, the dramatist. Among his guests was Chesterton, who came to stay on two or three occasions. The butler, whom I knew well, disentangled himself fold by fold from an enormous black garment, and held it out for my inspection. 'Mr. Chesterton's evening trousers', he explained briefly; 'it reminds you of going down the underground'.

I need hardly say that this introduction to his trousers led me to expect a great deal of their owner. I was not disappointed. I had been told Mr. Chesterton was a very great man. When I saw him I realised he was also a very big man—the biggest I had ever seen. When I came in, he was sitting in a deep armchair; but on seeing me he politely set himself in action to rise from it. This laborious act of courtesy to a child of thirteen would have been impressive in any man nearing sixty. But in Chesterton's case, as you can imagine, it was far more so. You could not help feeling that the energy needed to raise him would take an ordinary man several times up and down a steep flight of stairs.

While he was getting up, I had plenty of time to observe his massive head with its impressive mane of grey hair, the pince-nez perched insecurely on his nose, his drooping walrus moustache, his rumpled, shapeless suit with its bulging pockets. I remember that I liked him at once, and he gave me a most unusual feeling that we were really contemporaries. Looking back now I think that of all his remarkable qualities, that impressed me the most. I think he gave all children and young people this feeling. And probably the reason was that Chesterton, in a very real and very rare sense, was everyone's contemporary. Talking, acting, playing games, or reciting nonsense rhymes, you never felt with him that cordial and friendly efforts were being made to bridge a gap between you. You simply felt it was not there. Perhaps this was one reason why children were so fond of him. Certainly he loved them, and it was clear that he was completely at their mercy. I do not know if any child ever asked him to stand on his head. But I have no doubt that if asked he would have tried—that is, if his wife had not been there to restrain him.

I remember how Mrs. Chesterton kept an anxious eye on him, and

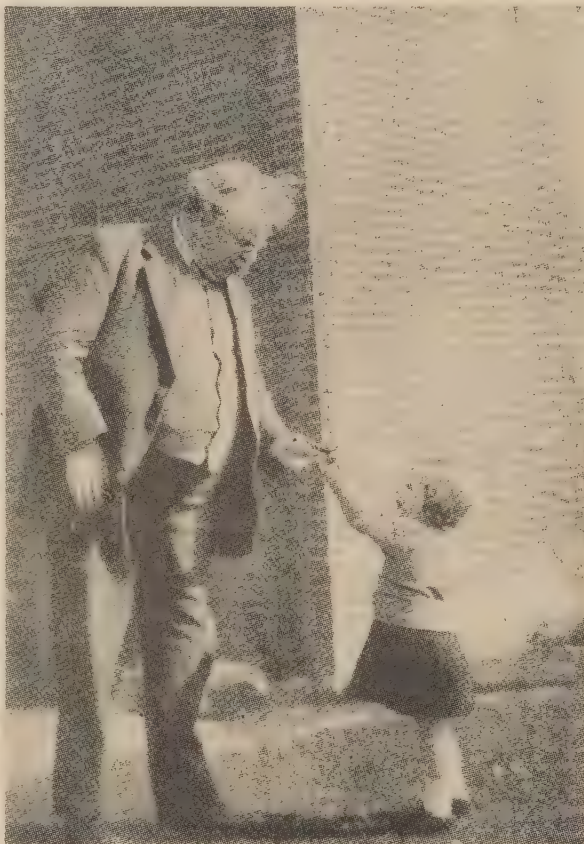
particularly on the chairs he was about to sit down in. She seemed to be judging their powers of resistance with an expert eye, and now and then she would voice her anxiety. 'I wonder if it's wise for Mr. Chesterton to sit on that chair?' she said once when the more robust chairs were occupied and her husband was bearing down purposefully on one of the smaller ones. I don't think Chesterton was ever in any way what is called a practical man. He had little or no sense of money, and he would often say that the only way to catch a train was to miss the one before. After his marriage, Mrs. Chesterton took charge of this side of his life. While he was travelling all over the country on lecture tours she would keep his engagement book, and she once got a telegram from him saying: 'Am in Birmingham. Where ought I to be?'

Chesterton was the only man I have ever seen stuck in a door. It was entirely typical of him that he seemed greatly to enjoy this experience. I think this was perhaps another reason for his great popularity with children—his willingness to make himself ridiculous in public. 'Willingness' is really too weak a word. He positively delighted in it. He was in fact so far the reverse of pompous that you might almost say he was always standing on his indignity. Others might proclaim their triumphs and recite their success stories; it was in his failures and fiascos that G. K. C. preferred to glory. 'Only man', he writes, 'can be absurd, for only man can be dignified'. Always the staunchest champion of human dignity, he never ceased to delight in the absurdities of man—and in no man's more than his own.

It was one of his maxims that 'what was worth doing was worth doing badly'. This was his attitude to games, and I seem to remember him discussing the subject with Barrie one evening over the dinner table, which I was quite

often allowed to attend. Neither man had the build of a natural athlete. But Barrie, who was ambidextrous and had a good eye, took pride in his prowess at various sports. He had a life-long passion for cricket, and excelled at quoits, skeeball, and golf-croquet. Chesterton, who was not addicted to violent exercises, took equal pride in his incompetence at all forms of sport. Boasting of his blunders, he stoutly maintained that to go on doing things badly showed a disinterested love of them for their own sake, unspoiled by any selfish satisfaction that you might derive from doing them well. Afternoon croquet was a regular feature of the day; and I seem to remember one glorious occasion when these two met on the lawn in single combat. I can see Barrie in his shirt-sleeves, crouching tense as a tiger over his ball with mallet cunningly poised for the execution of some deadly stroke. Chesterton, meanwhile, his great bulk balanced on his incongruously small feet, takes the long handle and lashes out with a fine quixotic abandon. He loses the game, and probably his ball, but wins a tremendous ovation from the gallery. And both are equally pleased with the result.

Either Barrie or Chesterton, alone, was the kind of man you would look at more than twice. Together, and particularly when they were



Chesterton with one of his young friends. 'He loved children . . . and was completely at their mercy'

talking over the dinner table, the combination was startling. In my mind's eye I have several vivid pictures of Chesterton. I see him rising ponderously from his armchair, or squeezing himself, inch by inch, into the back seat of a small saloon car. I fancy I can also see him at some game of hide-and-seek, his familiar form bulging from behind a curtain. But it is with Barrie at dinner that I shall always remember him best. Barrie, small and somewhat melancholy behind his large bulldog pipe, his chair drawn back from the table as he sits with one leg tucked under the other, wreathed in a dense haze of tobacco smoke. Chesterton, vast and genial, probably a napkin under his chin and a glass of red wine in his hand; the great white expanse of his shirt-front sweeping down, like some gentle ski slope, to the edge of the dining-room table. In a voice bubbling with enthusiasm, and rising at moments of excitement to a squeaky falsetto, he pours out his long, effortlessly flowing sentences, punctuated from time to time by the sharp crackle of verbal fireworks. I remember, too, how he would often pause in the midst of the most serious discussion to recite a comic verse, or recall some snatch of the music-hall songs he was so fond of. 'I believe firmly', he wrote, 'in the value of vulgar notions, and especially of vulgar jokes . . . the men who made the jokes saw something deep which they couldn't express, except by something silly and emphatic'. He was not only a good talker but also an inspired listener. Heard by Chesterton, the most trivial commonplace was transfigured and shone with new meaning, till you found to your surprise that you had said something clever. Like Falstaff, whom he also resembled in figure, he was 'not only witty in himself, but the cause that wit was in other men'. No one laughed louder than Chesterton at his own jokes, but as they were usually at his own expense, it did not spoil them.

Enormous Zest for Life

Self-ridicule, as I have said, was his favourite gambit. Brilliant in debate, he could hit very hard when he wished, and on any subject near his heart he was easily provoked to the hottest indignation. But though never lukewarm, he was never bitter in argument; and even his most piercing sarcasms were somehow softened by a kind of geniality, which gave it the atmosphere of a mock battle, fought with wooden swords and padded trousers, by clowns in a circus. Like his great friend Belloc, he loved wine. But few men can have had less need of any external aid to intoxication. His zest for life was enormous, and nothing provoked him more than the attitude of those who took life for granted, without feeling, as he thought they should, a perpetual gratitude for the experience.

Chesterton had a very highly developed sense of fun. I remember once, during his last visit, how he devoted a whole day to the preparation of an elaborate game to be played that evening. During the morning he made a shopping expedition into Evesham, and returned laden with several parcels. All the afternoon he was closeted in the library, completely absorbed in his mysterious business. He emerged at tea-time with a confident smile, and announced that he had invented a new kind of murder game. The problem was not to find the murderer, but to find the victim, who proved to be a well-known lord of the press. Chesterton, a very talented artist, had made a magnificent effigy of him in cardboard, painted it, dismembered it, and hidden the fragments all over the house. He had also written in rhyming couplet a number of clues which not only enabled us to find the corpse piece by piece, but also provided some very interesting notes on its past life. Last of all we discovered the head, complete with coronet. The dismembered peer was finally assembled, and I have never seen a better caricature. It might perhaps be invidious to mention names, but I imagine that he was not one of Chesterton's heroes. I cannot remember exactly how we scored at this game; but I rather think that I won it.

I hope these scrappy memories of Chesterton will give no one the impression that he was primarily an entertainer, still less a sort of amiable buffoon with a talent for writing. A jester of genius he certainly was. But, as his friend and biographer Emile Cammaerts has insistently pointed out, he was first and foremost a prophet. The cap and bells were only a means to capture his audience. This done, they were thrown aside, and the jester got down to his real business, which was not entertainment but salvation.

As a prolific journalist, poet, pamphleteer, and theologian; as an untiring champion of Christian orthodox principles, crusading for the unpopular causes which he so brilliantly defended, Chesterton has often been compared in spirit to a medieval knight-errant, tilting, sometimes a little recklessly, sometimes a little impetuously, at the dragons

of modern industrialism. After his death, his friend Walter de la Mare wrote of him:

Knight of the Holy Ghost, he goes his way,
Wisdom his motley, truth his loving jest.
The Mills of Satan keep his lance at play,
Pity and Innocence his heart at rest.

But I think my own childhood recollections of Chesterton are best concluded with a very different kind of verse. It was one of his favourite music-hall rhymes, and he once wrote it out for me in his flourishing, decorative hand. He used to recite it with Cockney gusto:

When we goes up to London Town,
We likes to drown our sorrows:
We likes to go to the waxwork show,
And sit in the Chamber of 'Orrers.
There's a lovely image of Mother there,
And we do enjoy it rather:
We likes to see 'er 'ow she was,
The night she strangled Father.

—Home Service

Europe and the U.S.A.

(continued from page 371)

United States Military Aid today is coming to be associated more and more with the requirements of the American generals: it is given only to those countries which pursue the right foreign and strategic policies. Let me give two examples. At the time of Mr. Churchill's visit to Washington, *The New York Times* had an account of a discussion between Mr. Anthony Eden, the British Foreign Secretary, and the American Secretary of State, Mr. Dean Acheson. It was on a subject vital to the maintenance of peace in Asia—the proposal that Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist Government should sign the Japanese peace treaty for Formosa. 'Mr. Eden', said *The New York Times*, 'was opposed to this on a number of grounds. . . . Nevertheless, Mr. Acheson pressed his point. . . . In the last analysis the British felt there was very little they could do. They could not break with the United States on the issue. They needed the financial and military help of the United States, so their tendency . . . was to go along, even though they felt the decision was fundamentally wrong'.

Then, again, we have the question of German re-armament, on which the United States have forced the issue, with perhaps too little regard for the feelings of France and other European countries, feelings deeply rooted in centuries of history. There are strong reasons for being doubtful about this proposal, which may profoundly affect the maintenance of peace in Europe. But the American chiefs of staff are determined on it; and, now, in the past few days we have had the very disturbing reports from Paris about pressure on the subject of German re-armament and the European Army, pressure associated with the foreign-aid programme, summarised in a British weekly periodical as 'no European army, no dough'. This is the kind of thing which may lead to perilous strains on the links that bind the Atlantic nations together.

The impact of the U.S.A. on Europe is something which has come to stay: we cannot be isolationist any more than America can. Our first aim is peace. That is why it is important to avoid the appearance of pursuing defence programmes, the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, and such thorny policies as German re-armament, as though they were ends in themselves. That is why it is vital that such questions as American bases in Europe, the leasing of airfields and so on, should be dealt with on the basis of partnership, not of dollars, and that nothing should be done which tempts anyone to hint at 'dollar mercenaries'. That is why we should make it clear that we, the Americans included, will be as vigorous in seeking the means to a settlement of world problems as we are in arming to preserve the peace. That is why policies in Asia, no less than in Europe, should be directed towards peace and not have the appearance of pursuing purely national strategic aims. The influence of Europe and of the British Commonwealth can be of supreme value, not only in building up armed strength, but in helping to build a bridge between east and west, in order to remove the dangers that beset the world. We cannot do this if through abdication of political thought and courage, or through financial pressure, we allow ourselves to become mere fellow-travellers of Washington policy. A political pamphlet issued in Britain last summer stated the problems of preserving peace in two of its chapter-headings as 'Deter Russia', and 'Restrain America'. That is the task facing Europe and the Commonwealth today.

—European Service

Coins and Stamps in the New Reign

QUENTIN BELL on an artistic opportunity

THOSE who are responsible for the design of our coins and stamps have, today, an opportunity the like of which, it is devoutly to be hoped, may not recur for a very long time. They have the occasion, one may almost say the duty, of furnishing worthy images of our new Sovereign and of placing fine works of art in the hands of her subjects.

A survey of our more recent stamps and coins should make it clear that perils, no less than possibilities, attend the task which the Royal Mint and the Post Office have now to undertake and that it is of the first consequence that the appropriate authorities should be well advised. The artists who have been employed during the past five reigns have, for the most part, sought to give us very exact portraits of our monarchs and, in addition, to convey an impression of dignity together with a certain modern

Obverse of Henry V noble, and (right) reverse of Charles II halfpenny

simplicity of treatment. Nor have they been wholly unsuccessful in achieving these respectable aims. Modern techniques of reproduction favour the sharp detail of an engraved or sculptured photograph; unfortunately they tend, for the same reason, to obliterate certain qualities of equal value (we may note in passing that silver is a more grateful material than cupro-nickel) and too often one is left with the impression that, in achieving a scientific likeness, the artists have failed to achieve anything else. It would of course be a great mistake to suppose that a careful attention to verisimilitude is, in itself, any impediment to complete aesthetic success. The medallists of the Italian Renaissance provide a sufficient proof of this. They knew how dangerous a thing it is to accommodate a bodiless head within a design, and for this reason they commonly preferred a bust. In this they differed from the Greeks and the Romans; but the Greeks were able to take liberties with their coinage which would be impossible today; they filled almost the entire field of the coin with a face modelled in high relief, so that in their work we have a sculptured head rather than a head within a pattern, and they treated the head not with the detailed attention that we find on a modern penny, but in a generalising spirit which gives beauty rather than character to the features.

Our contemporaries have followed the Roman model, setting a portrait in low relief within a circular inscription. Both in the Roman originals and in the modern versions the achievement of a high degree of naturalism cannot but increase the decollated appearance of the head and divorce it from the surrounding letters. The earlier Victorian pennies and halfpennies are the pleasantest coins now current among us, for in them this fault has been avoided; the grace and character of the young Queen being preserved, not by any exactitude of feature (for this is commonly eroded by age) but by the general contour and attitude of the figure. Compare this pleasing bust with the Edwardian penny, which may be almost obliterated by usage, and the superior character of the layout of the older coin will at once be apparent. The Edward VII penny, like all the more recent issues, augments the impression of naturalism—thus making it still harder for the severed head to enter the pattern—by omitting all symbols of royalty.

It seems a pity that these adornments, which lend themselves so well to decorative use, should be abandoned, and although the Imperial Symbolism of the laurels worn by previous monarchs may be inadmissible today, one cannot help thinking that some kind of fillet or

diadem would be particularly graceful upon a young female head. Such insignia are not only of great sentimental importance, but serve also to soften the acute difference which must exist between the realistic image and the conventional inscription, both of which have to be accommodated on our coins and stamps. The union of these two disparate elements presents a crucial problem to the designer. In our currency a kind of unity is attempted by matching the hard realism of the image with the bleak simplicity of the lettering; in the case of the 2½d. stamp we find the problem strikingly exemplified for virtually no attempt has been made to overcome it. A tight, carefully shaded image of the late King's head is most unhappily married to symbols treated in an entirely formal manner, the head itself having no relationship to the crown above it and jutting at a most awkward tangent to the medallion within which the value is marked. How much better is the bold simplicity of the impressed pattern on a stamped envelope! For here, not only is the designer in a happier mood, but the mechanical limitations have themselves imposed aesthetic uniformity. The embossed head cannot attain minute exactitude nor can it escape from the surrounding pattern.

Such then are the dangers of an attempt to combine naturalistic representation with conventional simplicity, dangers which are greatly augmented when, in the search for dignity, the artist avoids that which is charming or decorative. The present unsatisfactory state of things is the result of a long process which may be followed with some accuracy in the development of the reverse side of the penny where, in the course of centuries, Britannia has undergone a radical change of character. The Britannia of John Roettiers' halfpenny of 1672 commemorates the beautiful and 'tolerably virtuous' Miss Stuart, and seems, in its way, a very fitting and pleasing monument to the reign of Charles II. It is hard to see why it should have been thought necessary to change it, but since the end of the eighteenth century, the graceful figure of Miss Stuart, the balanced diagonals and curves of which fit so pleasantly into the circular face of the coin, has been made more and more stern and aggressive and angular, until at last an English nymph is transformed into a Germanic games mistress. The pattern of rigid uprights and horizontals fits very awkwardly into the field and leaves so fiercely stressed an exergue that the lady appears to be seated on nothing.

The declining grace of Britannia is symptomatic of the aesthetic devaluation which has affected all our modern coinage; but if we look back to more distant reigns we cannot fail to be struck by the beauty of past achievements. The noble equestrian figures of Charles I and James I, the delicate patterns and bold designs of Elizabeth's reign and the rich decorative inventions of the Plantagenets all do us credit; so too the vigorously drawn ship which



George VI penny, obverse and reverse. All coins are shown actual size

sails on the reverse of the Henry V noble and contrasts so well with the prim 'period' galleon of the modern halfpenny.

The fact is that modern requirements have set our artists very difficult problems which they can hardly be said to have solved; but it is difficult to suppose that we have no artist capable of doing so. Indeed we are fortunate today in having several living painters and sculptors of international reputation. It should not be impossible, either by public competition or by some other method, to make use of their talents and, in so doing, to obtain works of art which, while respecting the beauty, the character, and the office of our young Queen, shall also be of enduring aesthetic value.



Two-penny-halfpenny stamp (enlarged) and (right) impressed stamp on a Post Office envelope

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Musical Britain 1951. Compiled by the Music Critic of 'The Times' and published for that journal by Geoffrey Cumberlege. 21s.

THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN, of which the present volume gives an account as far as music is concerned, was a time of altogether excessive activity. Seldom has our uncomplaining country been so flooded with music. It was a wonderful period, unforgettably delightful for those whose inclinations, chiming with their command of time and income, permitted them to take an opera here, a concert there, one item from this festival, another from that. It was unforgettable also for press reporters who with a plentiful lack of space did their best to be content with covering 'big' events and missing entrancing small occasions unpalatable to London dailies. Among these unfortunates were the six music critics that *The Times* employed. And while they had to face a lot of laborious listening they were more fortunate than their confrères in that they had more space and have now reached fame within the covers of this publication.

It is a useful production in that it gives a conspectus of practically the whole of the London Festival of the Arts during May and June last year plus a nearly complete account of what went on after those hectic months in London and in the provinces up to October. Critical reports of some three hundred events make an imposing show by the sheer bulk of the collection. Alone they would make consecutive reading insupportably wearisome. But the book has been cleverly produced purposely to avoid tedium. The various activities are brought together according to their particular character, one section for the opening concerts in the new Festival Hall, another for opera, for ballet, recitals, chamber music, provincial festivals and so forth. Before each section come those parts which are of most lasting value, introductory paragraphs that provide just enough information to link the specific activity to the Festival as a whole and to the musical life of the community. These notes are of permanent value and they have the effect of making the critical reports that follow worth reading again, no mean feat of journalism. Finally, the book is worth buying for the third sentence in the foreword which tells us that when one writes for *The Times* one must weigh one's words and choose them 'to represent the view of the newspaper'. The view of a newspaper, if it can be said to exist apart from the view of the most influential person on its staff, changes continually. One imagines the Music Critic of *The Times* enquiring day by day what the present view of 'Messiah' may be. A gruelling life, indeed. It is that slight air of the pontifical which, though it will annoy some and intemperately amuse others, gives the book its character as a mirror of *The Times* it represents.

The Victorian Temper

By Jerome Hamilton Buckley.

Allen and Unwin. 30s.

This is an odd but interesting book. It belongs, not to the criticism of art or literature, nor to the history of ideas. But let the author define his own scope: 'The chapters that follow', he tells us in his preface, 'strive neither to trace in detail the growth, for example, of scientific or religious thought nor to examine the specific development of dominant literary genres like the novel or the personal lyric. They are devoted

rather to a charting of the impulses that prompted and the forces that shaped a manifold creative expression, to a study in particular of the "moral aesthetic", its rise and decline, and its relation always to a variable climate of opinion and emotion'. One might call it a study in the sociology of culture, but there is no attempt to make a comprehensive survey of all the forces that found expression in the art and literature of the period. There is a mention of the Reform Bill and of the sociological fiction of Kingsley and Mrs. Gaskell, but there is no sense of the industrial background, or of economic forces in general. A marxist interpretation would have been rigid, but at least it would have provided us with a scale of values. Mr. Buckley is not really interested in anything so vague, but rather in schools and coteries, and they give him the clue to the Victorian temper.

Authors as considerable as Emily Brontë, Samuel Butler, and G. M. Hopkins are barely referred to—they did not, one sees, belong to a group. But by way of compensation we have quite long discussions of such forgotten figures as Philip James Bailey and J. Westland Marston, Sydney Dobell and William Edmonstone Aytoun. Eneas Sweetland Dallas looms up large as an aesthetic philosopher, along with David Ramsay Hay, and later come Hutton and Harrison, Mallock and Oliphant, Crackanthorpe and Henley. Presumably from distant Madison, Wisconsin, one Victorian is as significant as another; and as an inquest on dead bodies, the method has its morbid fascination. The most valuable chapter is perhaps the one on 'The Spasmodic School' (Bailey, Marston, Ebenezer Jones, John Stanyan Bigg, Alexander Smith and Sydney Dobell) which throws a new light on Tennyson's early development, and puts Elizabeth Barrett Browning in her right place. It is a successful resuscitation of a *Zeitgeist*, that sleeping dog that scholars will not let lie.

Making a Film. By Lindsay Anderson.

Allen and Unwin. 17s. 6d.

The author tells us that he was privileged to live with the film about which he writes; having access to conferences, discussions, and what he calls 'behind-the-scene-activity'; as well as to the actual filming on the floor. The use he made of this privilege has resulted in an extremely detailed account of what took place throughout the production, at Ealing Studios, of a film called 'Secret People'. From the writing of the script to the end of the shooting, we follow the earnest efforts of the director, Thorold Dickinson, and his many enthusiastic colleagues. Since the documentary treatment he employs must chiefly appeal to students of film-making (the rest of us are less concerned with what goes on in film studios than we are with what comes out of them) there is a useful purpose behind the task the author has set himself. While several attempts have been made to show how films are created generally, none (or very few) has covered the growth of one particular film. But where Mr. Anderson has made a mistake, is in choosing 'Secret People' as his film. Could he not have waited, before rushing his book to press, to see what effect the completed film would have upon the critics? Apparently not. It was judged, he says, that the interest of his book as a whole would be considerably greater if its appearance could coincide with, or even precede, the first public showing of the film. The judgment seems to have been unwise, for the most serious student of the cinema can scarcely be expected to interest himself in how a film is

made that failed, in the end, to achieve much distinction.

But if his choice of 'Secret People' is to be regretted, Mr. Anderson's method of approaching his subject nevertheless remains a sound one: and had he employed it in a better cause—as a means, for instance, of enabling us to follow the creation of Ealing's 'Passport to Pimlico', or 'The Lavender Hill Mob'—his book would have had a very definite importance.

French, Flemish and British Art. By Roger Fry. Chatto and Windus. 15s.

In this book three lectures, given on the occasion of Burlington House Exhibitions, are printed together. Such a republication is very welcome, for here are works which should not be allowed to go out of print. It is, however, disappointing that the present edition, well produced though it is, has been confined within a smaller format and contains fewer reproductions than did the original publications. These shortcomings result, no doubt, from insuperable material difficulties. But there are alterations of a less innocent nature, of which one must be mentioned.

In his *Characteristics of French Art* the author compares a fifteenth-century Burgundian 'Virgin and Child' with a 'Virgin and Child' by Jacopo della Quercia, and in that volume, with the two photographs side by side, we may follow his argument, an argument which reveals much concerning the nature, not only of French, but of Italian art. The photographic comparison is tremendously illuminating; it is also essential, if we are to understand what follows, that we should have the distinctions that are made very clear in our minds from the outset. In *French, Flemish and British Art* the Jacopo della Quercia is inexplicably omitted. A Van Eyck is put in its place and the reader may puzzle in vain to find the reason for such an absurd betrayal of the author's intentions.

An ineptitude such as this is very regrettable for, of the three lectures, that on French Art is almost certainly the finest. Moreover, those of us who admire the work of Roger Fry must deplore any defects in a book which might communicate our enthusiasm to a generation which did not know him and which, as it would seem, underestimates him. A reconsideration of his teachings would undoubtedly be salutary at the present time; no critic has more to tell us concerning the aesthetic maladies by which we are at present afflicted. No one could more lucidly discover the effects of rhetoric, insincerity and triviality in the plastic arts. Here, indeed, we may perceive one reason for the antagonism which he provoked and the neglect from which he suffers.

Roger Fry, who was himself a painter, was naturally sensible to the importance, the supreme importance, of personal aesthetic emotions; he knew how difficult and how essential it is for the artist clearly to apprehend and nicely to restate his own private sensations, despite all the corrupting and destructive forces of convention, fashion, social propriety and emulation. To this intense preoccupation with sensibility was added the force of a Quaker upbringing, a scientific education and that deep distrust of worldly success which has always been characteristic of the Cambridge Apostles. His favourite virtues were those which might be expected to be chosen by one who had received such a training; he delighted in honesty, humility and detachment. And although he considered that honesty was the sole essential concomitant of talent, and although he was prepared to find that quality in even the most unlikely places, his finest flights of



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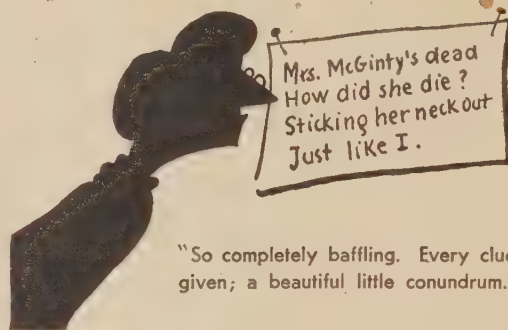
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enthusiasm were reserved for a humble, honest craftsman such as Chardin, a detached observer like Seurat, or for Cézanne, in whom all three qualities were united, together with an unassuming, intransigent and—to him—very sympathetic nonconformity. In the same way he is suspicious of fashion and of brilliance even where they are allied to great talent; he is, perhaps, a little too hard on Van Dyck, a good deal too severe on Turner.

Those who delight in the charm of surface qualities, in virtuosity, bravura, sentimentality, sensationalism and *terribilità*, who seek that which is 'amusing', daring or pretty, will find such an attitude uncomfortable; all the more so in that Roger Fry is both thorough and acute in his dissection of that art which is ostentatious without vigour or polite without sincerity. And yet, in displeasing the amateurs of the frivolous, he fails to satisfy those theorists who seek to discover in the art of painting a reflection of social conflicts, or rather, he cannot please those successors of Plekhanov who judge a work of art by what they suppose to be its didactic purpose and place all painters on one side, or the other, of an irrelevant barricade. Like Veblen, whose importance he perceived, Roger Fry discovered the action of social and economic forces, not so much in the painter's choice of subjects, symbols and allusions, as in his actual technique. Here he observed in what manner the personal vision of the painter was overlaid, distorted and at times effaced by those social forces which show themselves in the demand for the 'easel picture', for exhibitions of manual dexterity, for photographic verisimilitude, and for what he calls 'shop finish' (it would be easy to add to this list of aesthetic phenomena). Roger Fry's taste was extremely catholic and he could not be content to adopt a critical method which is hardly applicable beyond the boundaries of European painting. In examining what he calls the 'economic motive' he is able to find it at work throughout all that world-wide, immemorially ancient range of artefacts to the study of which he applied himself.

This just and accurate perception of the ubiquitous workings of the social element in art is but one aspect of Roger Fry's critical method; there is much else that might, given space, be discussed. The width of his knowledge, the intensity of his sympathies, the profundity of his understanding of the structure of works of art are, or should be, sufficiently well known. But Roger Fry's examination of the effects of social criteria upon technique have not been followed up. If this publication should stimulate such a research it will, despite certain faults already mentioned, have been an undertaking of the very highest value.

The Single Woman of Today

By M. B. Smith. Watts. 6s.

'Examining the statistics, it is disconcerting to find an increase in the number of spinsters who, nearing the age of forty, become drug addicts. Drink is too expensive nowadays for the single woman who has no man friend, but drugs are easy to come by, and this may become easier under the new Health Scheme'. 'Then, too, spinsters are often seen indulging in little orgies of eating'. These are typical sentences in this alarming book full of humorless solemnity, graceless syntax, and occasional flashes of acute observation. Miss Smith (we are told she is a single woman) has been deeply distressed to discover that there are one and a half million single women over the age of twenty-five in this country, many of whom can only expect from life frustration in one form or another, hole-and-corner love affairs, drug-taking, loneliness, operations, and premature death.

The author is quite desperate; 'the *laissez-*

faire policy of letting marriage depend on chance . . . or on the individual's own devices, has broken down completely', she cries, and thus the book progresses by jerks and starts from one passionate and sweeping statement to another. Good polemics are produced from the marriage of cogency and passion, but here, along with the other spinsters, passion has not found her mate and is consequently unproductive. Reduced to a series of problems and solutions this seems to be the gist of her thesis. First, there is a number of unmarried women more 'desirable' than many married women; the cause is 'a certain degeneracy in man's choice of a mate'; suggested treatment: 'spreading among the population a sounder and more informed taste in mating' (quoted from Ludovici's *The Choice of a Mate*). Second, a number of unmarried women don't meet men; cause: the culture pattern; treatment: increase in the number of reputable marriage bureaux. Third, a number of unmarried and childless women are superfluous; these, if the first problem is solved, will be largely unmarriageable; treatment: psychiatry and perhaps polygamy and/or greater tolerance towards illegitimacy.

It is these 'unmarriageables' that are the cause of Miss Smith's distress. How many are there of them? In what proportion are they found in different professions and trades? Surely we must know before we can hope to relieve them. But statistics are not the author's strong point. One may salute her courage in publishing a book which makes her fair game for amateur sportsmen, but she would have served her cause better had she collected more reliable and up-to-date facts, organised them systematically, examined them critically, and made up her mind unequivocally on such questions as polygamy and illegitimacy. This might then have been an important book, instead of one which many will read for reasons which the author would not find desirable.

Character and Society in Shakespeare

By Arthur Sewall. Oxford. 12s. 6d.

Professor Sewall, who will be remembered for his study of Milton's theology, has now written succinctly on Shakespeare. He might appear, in his re-emphasis on character, to be returning to Bradley; but in fact he pays considerable attention to imagery, he rejects the psychological approach to character in favour of a moral one, and he is very much aware not only of the relation of characters to each other, but also of their dependence on an audience. He disagrees with Coleridge and Keats about the extent to which Shakespeare identifies himself with his characters. He then proceeds to argue that the characters of the comedies live in a purely secular society; that in the Histories the characters are public and political; that in the greater tragedies the characters are considered in a metaphysical context; but that in the Roman plays and Romances there is a return to secular society.

Mr. Sewall's argument is, however, less rigid, and dogmatic than this summary would suggest; and he has some striking things to say about several of the plays. It is refreshing, for example, to find 'King Lear' described as the least Senecan of Shakespeare's plays; and there are some excellent remarks on order in 'The Merchant of Venice', on Brutus, and on the use of imagery to distinguish character. On the other hand, Mr. Sewall seems to miss the real point of 'Measure for Measure', and it is difficult to agree with him that Macbeth's soliloquy (I.vii) expresses 'the moral uncertainty which attaches itself to any act whatsoever', or with the statement that not one of the central images in 'Macbeth' 'steadies us for life in society'. Perhaps the iterative image of the man in ill-fitting garments does precisely this. Still less

can one agree that 'I have been worth the whistle' displays in Goneril 'a kind of generosity', or with Mr. Sewall's emphasis on the secular element in the Romances.

It may be granted that Shakespeare's characters are conceived morally; but precisely for that reason Mr. Sewall should not have complained of the lack of humility in Antony, though in the second scene of Act IV he humbles himself indeed, and in Coriolanus who is manifestly a victim of pride. Here Mr. Sewall's brevity seems to have resulted in obscurity; but his book contains enough that is both new and true to make it well worth reading.

America's Master Plan

By John Fischer.

Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.

This is a valuable explanation and defence of United States foreign policy which it may be hoped will be much read in this country where its theme is often much misunderstood. The United States system of government by public opinion through President and Congress lends itself to misrepresentation of which the enemies of the free world have taken full advantage. Mr. Fischer himself illustrates this aspect of his country's politics and insists that American manners must be amended now that they hold such a responsible and commanding position in the world.

But he gives convincing proof that America's master plan is simply so to strengthen the free world that the communist attack can be contained and peace preserved. His vignettes of President Truman, Mr. Dean Acheson and such 'militarists' as Generals Marshall, Bradley and Eisenhower are well done and show the absurdity of the charges made against them of wishing to create a world war. He describes in some detail the American planning machine—the National Security Council, and the Central Intelligence Agency which serves it. Then he makes a survey of world problems and shows how the policy of containment is applied to each area.

If he gives us shrewd criticism of his own countrymen, he does not hesitate to expose the shortcomings of other peoples, but these strictures are moderately stated and show much understanding and even charity. The difficulties of the political and economic organisations which the United States has brought into existence to implement the master plan are frankly stated, and the blame for them, so far as it falls on anyone, is apportioned fairly between the United States and her allies. N.A.T.O., he considers, needs much simplification, while he reiterates that the administration of the economic help which the United States is giving to the free world should be kept entirely outside of the control of the State Department, which is ill-adapted to that purpose. Similar views have been held about the British Foreign Office. It is only when the attempt is made to divorce economic planning from political control that the other side of the picture is revealed.

The British dispute with Iran had barely loomed on the horizon when Mr. Fischer went to press, but the rather narrow view taken of it by the United States is already foreshadowed. The author is, however, on the whole, fairly consistent in his attitude towards 'imperialism', whether political or economic. He considers that a great programme of material aid to the poorer countries from the richer is a necessity if a democratic world is to be preserved. It is, he says, imperative to make the balance of the world's riches more even. A system cannot endure in which 6 per cent. of the world's population enjoys 50 per cent. of the total production.

In all this there is some unjustifiable

Schweppshire



Post

VOL. CICLXVIII No. 96

CIRENSCHWEPSTER, 1952.

SCHWEPPEENCE

COUNCILLOR COLLIDES WITH COW

ESCAPES WITH SLIGHT ABRASIONS

Schwepton Mallet, Tuesday

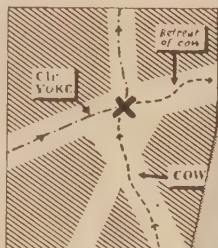
A small automobile was the focus of what might have been an unpleasant event for Schweppshire this morning. Pedestrians were taken unaware when



Councillor Yoke (left) Cow (right)

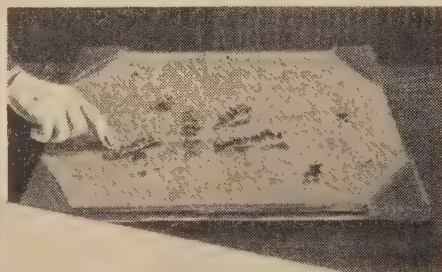
Councillor Alfred Yoke, turning past Galway Mansions, found himself face to face with an unguarded Shorthorn, which, but for Yoke's presence of mind, might have received serious injury.

POST has long campaigned for one way traffic in Waterworks Lane. Here, if further proof were needed, is further proof that yet another POST campaign should not be allowed to join the realm of lost causes.



Powers sign treaty

"A TURNING POINT" SAYS ENVOY
SCHWEPSSHIRE FIRM SUPPLIED BLOTTER



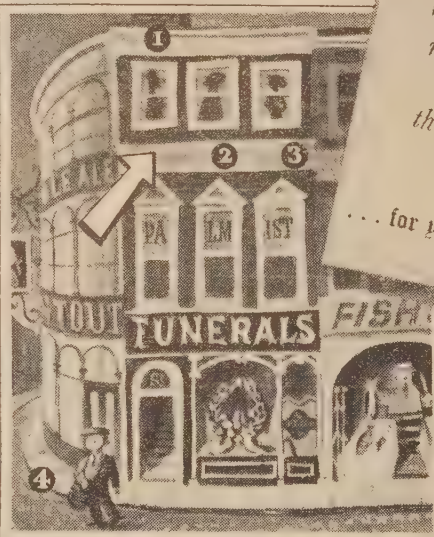
The more than international interest aroused by the Guide to Schweppshire demands a response. We hope, during 1952, to be able to reprint pages from our daily organ, THE SCHWEPSSHIRE POST, thus vividly pin-pointing, uniquely, SCHWEPSSHIRE'S LIFE TO-DAY ... for ye that fare further, longer is the way ...

Where Schweppshire SPEAKS to the World

Our 2,000th Registered Reader will meet the Editors of 'POST'

Everyone in Cirenschweptster knows the POST offices at the corner of Groabham Gardens, spaciouly designed to give pleasant working conditions to our eager staff. Triple fenestration allows maximum egress to light and air, and a lofty aspect overlooks one of Cirenschweptster's most teeming scenes.

Telephonic communication puts POST within immediate reach of Schweppshire's farthest corners. A delivery van, on which we have first claims, (TURN TO P. 4, COL. 6)



The Offices of POST (arrow)
Visible in the picture:

- 1 Home and Colonial Editor
- 2 City and Fashion Editor
- 3 Agricultural and Art Editor
- 4 Schweppshire Lad
(Sport and Public Relations)

STREETCAR KIDNAPPED in Hove, Pa.

SCHWEPSSHIRE VISITOR
got off in time

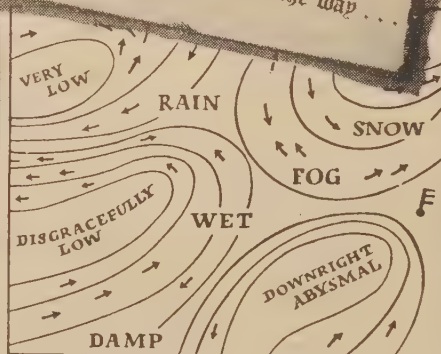
J. Johns, our local apothecary, nearly had first-hand experience of gang warfare, when (TURN TO P. 2, COL. 2)

World Premiere

NEW FILM ACCLAIMED

Schweppshire Man in charge
of Buffet

I chanced on "Bandy" Rombold of Aden Gardens dealing out drinks smartly to a (TURN TO P. 4, COL. 6)



WEATHER FORECAST. GENERAL: Dull intervals. NORTH: Dull all day. SOUTH: Intensely dull. MIDDLE: Schweppitome of dullness.

Written by Stephen Putter - Drawn by Lewitt-Hum

simplification and some of the problems discussed need much deeper analysis before they can be fully understood. But the common sense and charity of the book carry conviction. And some of Mr. Fischer's suggestions are of real practical

value. It is, indeed, hard to explain how a country like the United States gives so freely of its riches to relieve the necessities of others. No doubt the main reason is to organise defence in depth against the Soviet attack. But it may

be doubted whether so much would have been done for countries, whose response has shown anything but fervent gratitude, if the American people had not had other and more idealistic motives to reinforce those of national interest.

New Novels

The Man on a Donkey. By H. F. M. Prescott. Eyre and Spottiswoode. Two vols. 25s.

The Conformist. By Alberto Moravia. Secker and Warburg. 15s.

Call me Early. By Angela Wyndham Lewis. Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.

Reputation for a Song. By Edward Grieron. Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d.

THE ten years which followed the fall of Wolsey', says J. R. Green, speaking of the decade between 1530 and 1540, 'are among the most momentous in our history'. These were the years of Thomas Cromwell's administration, Henry's claim to the headship of the Church, the negotiations for the divorce of Catherine, the deaths of Fisher and More, the subjection of the bishops, the dissolution of the monasteries, the enslavement of the clergy, and the Terror—it is Green's term—with which Cromwell beat down every opposition from the clergy, the aristocracy and the common people. This opposition culminated in the risings in the north and west when one head after another tumbled from the block, or when men were slung up in chains to sway and turn in the wind until unconsciousness relieved them from the misery of watching the days die and the dawns come alive again. It is with these fierce ten years, chiefly, and especially with the northern rising, that Miss Prescott deals in her monumental two-volume historical novel *The Man on a Donkey*. Those who love this form of fiction are likely to find it—with one grave and, perhaps, fatal reservation, which may outweigh its great merits—an impressive, richly worked, conscientious chronicle, and they may even rank it as one of the outstanding books of its type.

The reservation to which I refer has nothing to do with the length of the book, for while it is about as long as four average-sized novels length alone deters nobody and is a special attraction to some. I refer to Miss Prescott's method of narration. The book is cast in the form of a chronicle. We are given a date and an incident, most often a slight and apparently insignificant incident, followed by another date and another, apparently unconnected, incident; so that what we get is a series of brief-glimpses, on page after page, of individuals in whom our interest is thwarted almost as soon as it has been awakened. I found this technique so discouraging and unsatisfying that, after a while, I began to link the disjointed pieces into the consecutive narrative I had been so wilfully denied, simply by skipping forward and backward. I think this desire for a consecutive narrative is natural to everybody, and that many readers will wish Miss Prescott had satisfied it in the normal way.

She defends her technique in a foreword by saying that she has wished to 'introduce the reader into a world rather than at first present him with a narrative', and that we must be prepared to move for a while in this world 'like a stranger, as in real life'. But is the world of an historical novel ever strange to us? Is not a part of the pleasure of historical novels the pleasure of recognition, the thrill of foreseeing what the participants could not have foreseen? As when we see a king called Henry VIII smiling surreptitiously at a lady called Anne Boleyn; or hear old Lord Darcy taunting Thomas Cromwell with the familiar words, 'I trust that ere thou die . . . there shall one head remain that shall strike off thy head'. In this sense all historical fiction is a contradiction in terms and a mild cheat, and, except for minor or invented charac-

ters, there can be no talk of moving about in a strange world as in real life. So, the lesser-known characters are always the most interesting. Here, for example—and he is only one of many—Robert Aske, the captain of the great rebellion in the north, moves us deeply by his ambiguous courage, his human frailty, his gallant ideals, his wretched fate. He is, or seems, 'strange', while remaining real—a product not of research but of the creative imagination. Whether a narrative or not, *The Man on a Donkey* offers a wonderful series of like perspectives into sixteenth-century life, and both Miss Prescott and her publishers are to be congratulated on their gallantry in producing this formidable tapestry of Reformation England.

Alberto Moravia's reputation has been fluctuating wildly ever since *Agostino*, that characteristically lovely and repellent blend of (was it Venetian?) sun, heat, decadence, sensibility, cruelty, and corruption. He presents his characters so dispassionately and yet so earnestly that it is impossible to say whether he is, like Joyce's ideal godlike author, paring his finger-nails as he leans over a cloud watching humanity creep about far below, or, like Balzac, intimately involved in his characters and speaking through, or across, them. So, *The Conformist* may be taken as a dry satire or it may be taken as a serious study. Moravia may be taken as agreeing with the final conclusions of his chief character, or mocking him even then.

Marcello Clerici is a Fascist spy who had been deflected sexually in his childhood when he shot an ex-priest who tried to seduce him. He has grown up conscious of his egregiousness, and has dedicated himself to the pursuit of the social norm, unaware that the more frantically one pursues any norm the less normal one is likely to be; as when Clerici marries a splendidly commonplace wife without loving her. It is delightful when his abstract theory of normality receives shock after shock from this natural animal; as when she reveals that she has had a lover, or when she tolerantly permits a Lesbian to flirt with her, or when, at the end of the story, she reveals that she has always known him to be a spy; and even her wild, natural, southern sexual passion constantly surprises him. His idea of the normal has been a savage pedantry. He realises this, too late, deciding that his daughter at least must live in the fullest freedom, follow a life of caprice, liveliness, grace, freshness, adventure. Flying from Rome—to his death—he pauses to pluck a flower and admires its 'unconsciousness and freedom'. If his innocence had been plucked that, too, was normal. To seek formal innocence is to pursue a mirage. But it is normal to desire, however vainly, 'to justify a life trapped in its own original guilt'.

If the reader does not follow these conclusions of Clerici (as I do not) is it because Clerici's muddlement is being satirised even in his hour of disillusion or because Moravia is himself muddled? I do not know, but I suspect the latter. I do feel that a writer must, somehow or other, at some point or other, show his hand. Moravia,

certainly, despises his conformist—for that it is enough that he makes him a Fascist spy; and he clearly sympathises with the passionate wife; but he never gives us any character whom he clearly regards as sanely 'normal', and even the one 'hero', the anti-Fascist Quadri, is mocked by being given a Lesbian wife.

In short, I have always, as with this novel, an uncomfortable feeling that Moravia has himself, as yet, formed no concept of the norm. And I do not believe that any man who has not some concept of the norm can be a writer. 'He who desires nothing', Chekhov wrote to Souvorin, 'hopes for nothing, and is afraid of nothing cannot be an artist'. One must have some sense of values. No label, nothing pedantic, not a movement; but without the knowledge of what is a decent act and what is not how can a man write? Nevertheless I never lay aside any book by Moravia without feeling that this man is groping and struggling for his own framework of values, and the fact that he has been so far preoccupied by corruption and evil, and, I think, bewildered by them, does not prevent me from feeling that somewhere, ahead of him, he sees a faint glimmer and that, one day, it will burst out in his books as an illumination of life. This novel will, I fear, only disgust those whose attitude to all art might be defined as Pious Benthamism, and who, having solved everything, have no patience for honest gropers. Taken purely as an entertaining story it is most readable and entertaining on a high level.

Call me Early is a first novel by Angela Wyndham Lewis which shows promise. It is really an episode rather than a novel, and an older hand might have made it a long short story. An ingenuous English girl, studying in Paris, falls in love for the first time. Unhappily her American hero turns out to be a wolf. The book has a pleasing simplicity and neatness, and here and there we meet a character, such as the old French lady who runs the boarding-house, or a word, such as the adjective 'sterile' as applied to an electric-fire, which suggests that we may have here the makings of a writer. It is a readable little story.

So is the current Book Society choice: though the last three such selections suggest that the only thing the Book Society cares for is readability, irrespective of literary values. *Reputation for a Song* is a thoroughly entertaining 'who-dun-it', with a nice, corrosive humour and a satirical turn. Rupert Anderson kills his father, a dry, honest, respectable solicitor, out of admiration for his mother, a shrew who had the boy by another man: she is drawn on the most melodramatic lines. The two conspire to defame the old man's memory, and the boy is acquitted largely on the evidence of his barmaid mistress. I found it hard to stomach the style: e.g., 'his eagle eye', 'wreathed in a smile', 'echoes reach' people, things are 'in the air', and a barrister will lean forward 'like a fencer on the attack'. But such things are no more likely to be observed by the average reader than they have been by the Book Society's grave selectors.

SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

TELEVISION

Lively and Insipid

PONDERING THE UNSATISFACTORY CONTENT of some recent factual programmes, one concludes that a present weakness of television is that it encourages the activities of too many people who are more interested in the medium than in their subjects. This is a serious liability. Time and a diminishing sense of novelty may remove it. Meanwhile, it is inflicting on us an unfair amount of soft-centred, insipid viewing, of which 'Beginners Please!' from the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art was a deplorably good example. It could have been that one had expected too much from this programme, but it was hardly pitching one's hopes fatuously high to have looked for unusual competence of production. We were not obliged. The affair was poorly visualised and presented, a lamentable flop. Surely there is sufficient genuine animation in the R.A.D.A. life to discourage a producer from superimposing on it such silly inventions as the blonde blundering into a fencing match and expressing loud dismay when her stocking is laddered? The producer in this instance can have had unflatteringly little confidence in his subject to mishandle it as he did. The result was sometimes dangerously near burlesque, poor burlesque, of the R.A.D.A., redeemed only by Richard Attenborough's quietly effective narration. Apparently the script had so much straw in it that the producer was forced to drop quite a number of bricks.

'An Accident Took Place . . .' was another of the programmes showing symptoms of the half-heartedness that so often makes one wonder whether, after all, Alexandra Palace and Lime Grove are convalescent homes. The idea here was the topical one of discussing and illustrating the latest formal attempt to reduce the casualties of the streets. But it was not enough to assemble some experts and set them talking against a background of models and film scraps, which is the average television producer's formula for this kind of subject. All over again, at times not far short of drearily so, we had a programme lacking any real design to hold it together, to

raise it above the level of the ordinary. The best individual contributions came from W. H. Glanville and Leslie Hore-Belisha, and it was a neat touch to bring in Edwin Newman, speaking from experience of the comparable American problem. Even so, the programme was not good enough and one would like to know who in television thought that it was.

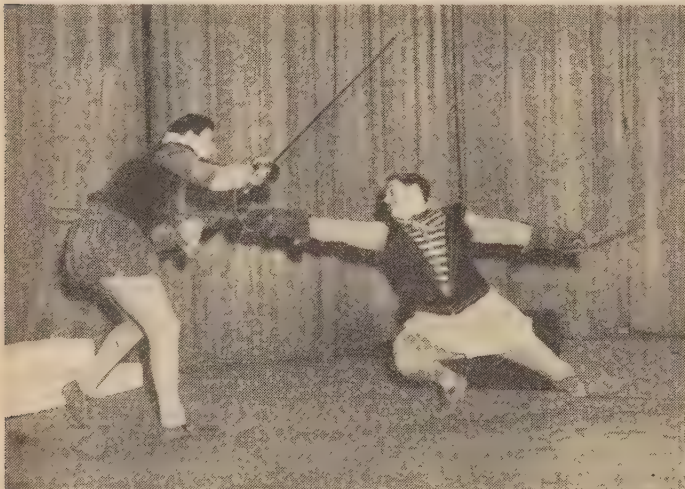
Some of the best recent television has been



'Olympic Games 1952': Max Robertson with Sheila Lerwill, who holds the record for the women's high jump, and her coach, George Pallett, whom he introduced in the programme on February 26

provided by the Winter Olympics in Norway, where 'Television Newsreel' has been very much on its toes. Its ski-jump pictures were excitingly first-rate and we enjoyed the bobsleigh ride, with the commentator Max Robertson and the cameraman Cyril Page holding on for dear life, a fine vicarious thrill. The 'Olympic Games 1952' programme, from the Hyde Park Barracks, disclosed the training methods of some of Great Britain's Helsinki hopes. This, too, made lively viewing, with Max Robertson again keeping us informed and instructed at every stage. There was a refreshing no-nonsense note in this programme, which the producer, Bill Duncalf, put through with firm hands and at a spanking pace. Last Saturday's racing at Worcester likewise filled our screens with a succession of good pictures and Peter Dimmock's talks with course officials and trainers were part of our enjoyment.

New towns, new homes for the people, new thinking in civic and domestic architecture; inspiration and substance there for what ought to have been a resoundingly meritorious attempt by television to present one of the most vital and compelling aspects of the contemporary social scene. 'A Roof Over Your Head' presumably set out to make this attempt, with Coventry's slowly healing wounds as exhibit A. The Coventry situation was stated by local experts with unemphatic sincerity. The new Coventry is rising proudly into a future that is likely to invest it with capital importance. That for some viewers the expansion of cities in our pleasant land is not an affair for enthusiasm scarcely minimises one's respect for the imaginative resolution which will translate the new Coventry from the drawing-boards into terms of lithic distinction and prominence. As the opening programme of the series it roused lively hopes for what was to follow. They were not realised. Succeeding programmes have been disjointed, shapeless, dull. Some of the Hertfordshire school shots were very good indeed: the programme arrangement, in spite of some gallant tries by local educational personalities, was often ineffectual. Not even Wynford Vaughan Thomas' cheerful exposition of ingenious factory developments in his native South



Students from the fencing class in an Elizabethan stage fight during 'Beginners Please!', a television broadcast from the R.A.D.A. on February 23



'An Accident Took Place': W. H. Glanville demonstrating why zebra crossings were chosen to replace the old stud crossings

Wales could retrieve our wandering attention. One is left with the impression that this series, again, was not adequately scripted in the beginning. The L.C.C. programme, concentrating on rehousing in Pimlico and Roehampton, had its moments, but the total effect was of a sketchiness that did less than justice to the opportunity.

'Speaking Personally' seems to have gone by the board, as Sir Norman Birkett's appearance in last week's sadly truncated 'Picture Page' reminded us. He was there to pay tribute to the late Sir Patrick Hastings. Sir Norman uses our English tongue as a precision instrument of expression and it is a pleasure to hear him. But his post-mortem subject seemed out of place in that context, a theme for sound radio rather than for television.

As for 'About Britain', much trumpeted, it has made its start on what some think is bound to be a long run. It will be fair to see where and how it goes from Warwickshire before scrutinising it too particularly. It is well stocked with *clichés* for the journey.

REGINALD POUND

BROADCAST DRAMA

Collectors' Pieces

COLLECTORS were clamped to their sets for the production of 'All's Well That Ends Well' (Third), still a rarity. I doubt whether many cherish the play. 'A mingled yarn, good and ill together', it varies between the superb (some of the speeches for Helena, a few for the King) and the preposterous—a rash of couplets and much worm-eaten banter. If Shakespeare wrote it all, his inspiration must have been in the peak-and-valley stage of a fever-chart. A producer is wise not to tinker with the piece, but to present it—or the bulk of it—honestly, without adornment, trusting to its major scenes to bear the rest. Barbara Burnham took this line; confused, often sour Shakespeare made excellent radio and a collectors' pleasure.

Clearly, the dramatist's heart was with the older people. The Countess of Rousillon is gracious in autumn; Gladys Young spoke with appropriate grace. Sir Lewis Casson phrased the King's early speeches with a silver frailty; and Laidman Browne planted the courtier, Lafew, so sturdily that we were sorry the old fellow had to be involved in plot-mechanics at the last. The younger people are less firm, Helena, who has been extravagantly praised, is a mixture of 'golden girl' and (we fear) unscrupulous opportunist: Barbara Jefford took a wholly generous view of her. David Peel could not do much with Bertram, the 'bright particular star' who is like a farthing dip; but Max Adrian, whose voice had a kind of slinking swagger, did what can be done with Parolles, whom somebody calls a 'light nut without kernel'.

There is a dire clown, Lavache, a practitioner who is unhappy in his work, and whose humours drift from the puerile ('She is not well, but yet she has her health', etc., lines that Miss Burnham cut) to the syphilitic (also cut). Robert Eddison brought to what was left an insinuating melancholy: this Lavache, almost apologetic, made bearable a part that could be 'insupportable vexation'. The play was trimmed reasonably and tactfully; Miss Burnham kept it moving with ease. I was sorry that the Gentleman who met Helena at Marseilles was not allowed his charming label, 'A Gentle Astringer'. Elsewhere only a pedant would raise any query. To murmur, then, that Diana, in one phrase ('Your oaths are words . . .') stuck too carefully to Folio punctuation, is no doubt absurdly pedantic. (Why mention it? Merely because the whole affair is a collectors' piece.)

Collectors of the old school grumbled, I dare say, about the National Radio Awards pro-

gramme (Light), which made it seem all too simple. No prospecting for treasure here; gold showered upon us, though by the next morning little of it remained but the come-together voice of Wilfred Pickles, the rattle of Al Read, and the delighted roar of a London Coliseum audience. For once the audience helped; the business had a cheerful, relaxed, prize-day atmosphere.

In Britain we are not on terms with Henry de Montherlant, the French dramatist whose style, one translator has told us anxiously, is 'taut and yet easy as the nostrils of a Lipizzaner horse'. His play, 'Malatesta', which we have just met in a version by Henry Reed (Third), relates the downfall of Sigismondo Malatesta, Renaissance lord of Rimini. It is an elaborate, wordy invention, often strangled in its own verbiage. Certain scenes—the various passages with the Pope, for example—have a theatrical stab; and we can be glad at least to have 'collected' the play, and to have heard the speaking of Barbara Couper, Carleton Hobbs, and (as the tyrant) Howard Marion-Crawford: his voice lingers still in the likening of the sea's wash upon the shores of Rimini to the name of 'Malatesta'. If this piece is over-written, the Quinteros' 'Doña Clarines' (Home) is too slight; you could knock it down with a feather. And even if collectors grasped at an unexpected page of English history in 'The Royal Pawn' (Home), the chronicle failed to illuminate—in writing or performance—the figures of Henry V's widow and her Welsh husband. As the King says in 'All's Well', we were 'wrapped in dismal thinkings'.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

More of Moore

TO MARK the centenary of George Moore's birth on February 24, three programmes have followed Charles Morgan's talk to which I referred last week. The first was a mosaic picture composed by W. R. Rodgers from the desultory talk of twenty of Moore's friends and acquaintances. Mr. Rodgers has already employed the same method on W. B. Yeats and James Joyce, and it is significant that all three of his sitters have been Irishmen. I suspect that if Mr. Rodgers had tried this method with an English writer and his friends his portrait would have been much less lifelike. Why? Simply because of the Englishman's preoccupation with cricket. It isn't he thinks, cricket, to disparage the dead. *De mortuis* . . . he says, and he never can remember the rest nor where it comes from. Now if you leave out all but the good points of your sitter, your portrait will come out so 'prunous' and so prismatic that it will be hardly recognisable. But the Irish know nothing of cricket and it is delightful to hear the gusto with which they fall on a defunct friend and debunk him. Their first object seems to be to make him ridiculous, but they only succeed in making him human, for the truth is that they treasure his failings and his absurdities, whether of appearance, behaviour, or character, quite as affectionately as they do his virtues and dignity. Thus we learned a fortnight ago that Moore's appearance was that of 'a poached egg with red hair', and last week he was described as 'a pink slug', 'an artful middle-aged lady', a body which appeared to be boneless and, as Yeats said, a face made out of a turnip.

To listeners who never saw George Moore this must have sounded deplorably spiteful, but I saw him several times and I can assure them that it was not spite but a deadly accurate eye which dictated these descriptions. Besides, had not Moore himself described Yeats as 'an umbrella that somebody had forgotten at a picnic',

and, as some thought, permitted himself in *Hail and Farewell* to stray beyond accuracy into malice in writing of his friends? But it was not only a figure intentionally and unintentionally comical that the mosaic showed us: it showed us, too, the kind-hearted friend and the indefatigable craftsman devoted to his craft. It showed us, in short, the real man. I found it an enthralling programme: it added a number of revealing highlights to my idea of Moore and threw a yet sharper beam on his writings.

In listening to a programme of this kind it is as well to bear in mind the nature of its construction. If we listened to it as a carefully planned discussion our critical sense would keep nagging at awkward joins, the presence of insufficiently pointed details, or the frequent hesitations of the speakers; but when we know that it is a patchwork of separate reminiscences given in the sometimes embarrassing presence of a microphone, we exercise a willing suspension of criticism.

The second broadcast was built up, I gathered, in the same way with the difference that it was the spoken memories of a single one of Moore's friends—Richard Best, formerly Librarian of the National Library, Ireland. Mr. Best, in the course of his delightfully vagrant memories, told a number of sly and illuminating tales-out-of-school, but he gave us, besides, a warmly human impression of Moore as a friend. Finally, in 'The Charity of George Moore', Graham Hough dropped personalities and confined himself to a brief but stimulating critical study of the books and their writer. He claimed that Moore's greatest quality as a writer is his moral integrity, that he observed and understood with an understanding which in such books as *Esther Waters*, *Sister Teresa*, and *Héloïse and Abélard* amounts to charity.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

Two Bad

A BAD PROGRAMME is a rarity. Even indifferent and dull programmes are exceptional. So two bad programmes on successive evenings must constitute a record in the annals of Broadcasting House, where the Music Department has acquired great skill in the ingenious blending of ingredients. Perhaps it was ingenuity over-reaching itself that produced the programme allotted to the Jacques Orchestra under the direction of John Pritchard. An early Symphony of Haydn was followed by Schönberg's Film Music, Holst's Seven Part-songs with words by Robert Bridges and an arrangement of a Chaconne by Pachelbel. What a farrago, hodge-podge, miscellany of incongruous items!

The piece by Schönberg was avowedly put in as text for Darius Milhaud's talk—or should I say 'harangue'?—on the composer, which followed the concert. This seemed a poor reason for dragging from its grave a piece of music which has no value divorced from the visual scene, and which, pioneering though it may have been in 1930, has been surpassed in the clever translation of the thing seen into sound by a hundred hack composers for the cinema. In this context Holst's disembodied music had no chance to make its proper effect. These songs for women's voices and strings are among his later works. They are subtle and proceed by understatement. Their meaning is as difficult to divine as the composer confessed he found the poems to be. It must be intuitively rather than intellectually apprehended. On this occasion the music sounded just cold and tenuous. No fault of the performers, I fancy.

Mr. Goossens' programme the next night was bad in a different way. For here was not a mixture of the incongruous, but a collection of



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almost uniformly inferior music, with the conductor's own Fantasy Concerto distinguished from the rest as a well-constructed virtuoso piece. The second 'Bachianas Brasileiras' by the prolific Villa-Lobos, who turns out music with as little selectiveness and self-criticism as a binder turns out sheaves of whatever the reaper cuts, is the usual shapeless rhapsody. What this sloppy outpouring, which ends with a picture of a little puffer-train realistically puffing, has to do with the most disciplined of composers, passes my comprehension.

After the interval came Tchaikovsky's 'Manfred' which critics, who mistake *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, have duly elevated into the category of neglected masterpieces. A hearing proves it to be no such thing. There is in it some excellent ballet-music. And I mean that

not as a sneer. The powers of evil are represented in precisely the same terms which Tchaikovsky used to portray the wicked fairy, Carabosse. This experience served to confirm my humble opinion that the neglected works of popular composers are rarely, if ever, neglected without good cause.

There were good programmes, too, last week. Mr. Harry Blech's with the London Mozart Players is an obvious (perhaps too easy) instance, which included a brilliant performance of Mozart's Bassoon Concerto in B flat by Gwydion Brooke. And there was, much less obvious, the programme of Puccini's music arranged by Geoffrey Dunn and excellently performed under Stanford Robinson. Here is neglected music, indeed, but not by a popular composer. Poor Puccini is familiar only as the

stooge put up by Gluck's opponents. But he turns out to have been no stooge. His music is fresh and attractive, and what we heard was often extremely dramatic. Of course, one must not judge an opera from selected passages, but I think it would be well worth while for the Director of Sadler's Wells to have a look at 'La Buona Figliuola'.

Another kind of good programme which gets overlooked in the throng of more important things is the 'Record Review' in the Third Programme. This is usually well done, and last week's, when Trevor Harvey discussed the superb Decca recording of 'Parsifal' and William McNaught cannily led his audience to see his points without actually making them, could not have been bettered.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Liszt and the Orchestra

By HUMPHREY SEARLE

'Orpheus' will be broadcast at 9.10 p.m. on Monday, March 10, and 6.50 p.m. on March 11, the 'Faust' Symphony at 9.25 p.m. on Saturday, March 15 (all Third)

LIKE many pianist-composers, Liszt approached the orchestra in a slow and gingerly manner, at any rate in his early days. His youthful opera 'Don Sanche' appears to have been orchestrated by his teacher Paër, and though he played several of his own works with orchestra in the eight-thirties, the scoring in all cases was done by other hands. However, he usually made corrections and additions to the work of his orchestrators—for instance, the score of the 'Grande Fantaisie Symphonique' for piano and orchestra on themes from Berlioz's 'Lélio' (1834) contains various comments in Liszt's handwriting, many expressing his approval of what his collaborator had done. In the same year he actually sketched out the score of an 'instrumental psalm' 'De Profundis' for piano and orchestra, dedicated to Lamennais; but 'sketch' is the right term for the orchestral part, which is extremely thin and bare. The first work which he is known to have orchestrated himself is the First Beethoven Cantata of 1845; but the score of this has remained unpublished. However, probably shortly before this time, he did complete a work for piano and strings, the so-called 'Malediction' concerto; possibly he felt safer in trying his hand at this medium before seriously embarking on the full orchestra; even so some of the string writing in this work is excessively awkward and difficult, although it certainly makes its effect in actual sound.

Liszt never really had the time to make a serious study of orchestral writing until he had given up his career as a travelling virtuoso and had settled in Weimar. This lack of knowledge must have been a handicap to him, for he had sketched out the two concertos and the 'Totentanz' as early as the late eighteen-thirties, but could not in fact complete them until nearly twenty years later. From 1844 on, however, he had two 'helpers' with his orchestral scores: first, the operetta composer August Conradi, and, after 1849, the far-better-known Joachim Raff. The question of how much each of Liszt's collaborators actually did is of course a complex one; it would appear from the various MS. sketches of the orchestral works in the Weimar Liszt Museum, as well as from contemporary correspondence, that Liszt normally wrote out his works on three or four staves with indications of the orchestration he required, and that Conradi or Raff then prepared a full score; this was revised by Liszt, often very drastically, and more often than not a new full score was prepared by his collaborator. In addition Liszt was

able to try his orchestral works out in private with the Weimar orchestra, and most of his alterations were therefore due to practical experience. Some of the symphonic poems, such as 'Ce qu'on entend sur la montagne' and 'Tasso', went through this process of revision and rewriting several times before Liszt was satisfied with them, and at any rate one can say that the final published versions of all these works do represent Liszt's own thoughts and ideas and no longer those of his collaborators.

From about 1854 onwards Liszt felt sufficiently sure of himself to be able to write out his own full scores without enlisting the help of others. Both 'Orpheus' and the 'Faust' Symphony were completed in this year, as well as 'Hungaria' and the final version of 'Ce qu'on entend'. Possibly Liszt never achieved that instinctive feeling for the orchestra which enabled Wagner to send off the full score of 'Tristan' to the printers without having heard a note of it; but the orchestral writing in Liszt's later works is always effective, to say the least, and often contains many imaginative touches which sound more pleasing to modern ears than the often unrelentingly opaque texture of Wagner. And it is surprising how quickly Liszt achieved the mastery of this craft: the recently discovered score of the 'Grand Solo de Concert' for piano and orchestra (1850) bears all the hallmarks of the inexperienced orchestrator, whereas four years later he was able to complete the enormous score of the 'Faust' Symphony in only two months, in one single creative spurt; and though admittedly some details were altered as a result of rehearsal experience, the score as a whole remains substantially the same as that which Liszt wrote down at white heat in those autumn months of 1854.

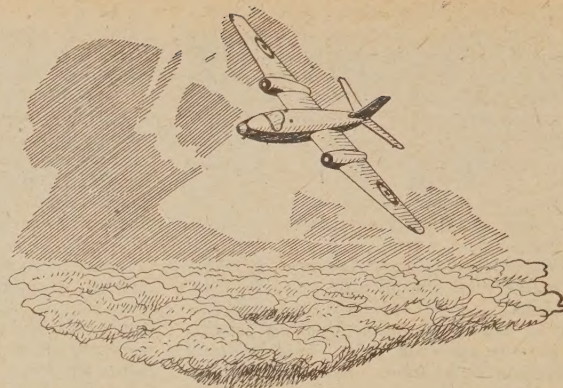
As an orchestral writer, then, we must regard Liszt as an inspired amateur rather than a *routinier* professional; on the other hand he did know exactly what he wanted to express, and Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein was right to rebuke him for allowing others to have a hand in the orchestration of his works; 'correction is never as good as original writing', she said, 'one can only invent by giving one's own thought its first form and first method of expression—a pre-determined outline chains the imagination; to a certain extent it sees a road marked out for it, but it discovers no new paths, no new turnings to round out the new forms of thought which one wishes to express'. Liszt was wise enough to profit by her advice; and in his music there is an individual quality of orchestral sound which

one finds with no other composer. It is a very varied quality, depending above all on the mood or atmosphere to be expressed, but its essence above all is clarity. Though he could produce a soft, rich sound on occasions, as in the *amoroso* sections in the first and second movements of the 'Faust' Symphony, and in some passages of 'Orpheus', Liszt was not interested in the consistently rich texture which became characteristic of so much later nineteenth-century music; he preferred to paint in clean, hard strokes, often at the risk of bareness or harshness. Many passages in the Mephistopheles movement of the 'Faust' Symphony sound definitely unpleasant, which of course they are intended to do; on the other hand the statement of the main Gretchen theme in the slow movement, for oboe accompanied by solo viola, also conveys, with the simplest and happiest of means, the atmosphere which Liszt wanted at that point, of tender and delicate youthfulness. One could multiply examples; but in general Liszt was aiming to illustrate the dramatic point of the moment in as clear a manner as possible.

There are certain drawbacks to this procedure, which Liszt's detractors have fastened upon: they miss the continuous orchestral solidity of Brahms or Wagner, and complain that some of the brass writing, as for instance in the march at the end of the second Piano Concerto, gives a vulgar 'military band' atmosphere. It is true that Brahms and Wagner, by maintaining an almost consistently heavy texture, give their work a kind of symphonic coherence, whereas Liszt's music, which is inclined to be episodic in any case, is made to sound even more so by the constant variety of orchestration. It is certainly not 'comfortable' to listen to—one cannot sit back and wallow in it as one can with Wagner or Bruckner—but in some ways it is very akin to the methods of modern writing, where clarity and variety are preferred to viscous sonority. At a time when most composers were tending away from the use of individual instruments as soloists towards the counterbalancing of masses of sound, Liszt did develop the idea of 'chamber music for full orchestra' which had been characteristic of all composers up to the end of the eighteenth century, and to which modern composers, headed by Schönberg, Stravinsky, and Bartók, have now returned. Liszt may not rank with Berlioz as a master of brilliant orchestral colour, but the line which he pursued was both an individual and an interesting one which had far-reaching consequences on succeeding generations.

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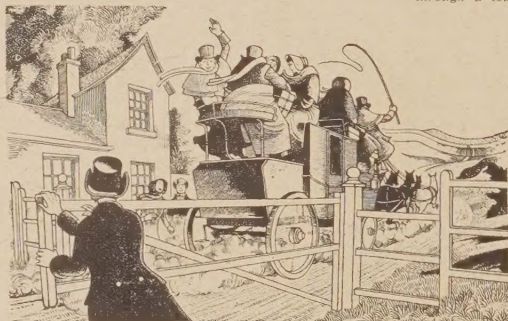
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- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of dried breadcrumbs
- 2 rashers of bacon—more if you can spare them
- 1 egg
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teacup of milk
- Lemon thyme, or thyme and grated lemon rind
- A pinch of sage
- A touch of onion or garlic, if you like it
- A touch of nutmeg
- Pepper, and a very little salt.

Put the breadcrumbs to soak in the milk. Remove the gristly pieces from the liver and cut the liver into smallish pieces. Take the rind off the bacon. Prepare the onion or garlic. Set up the mincer, and put the liver, the bacon, and the onion or garlic through it, and then put it through again. After this, turn the soaked breadcrumbs out on to a sieve to let the surplus milk drain away. Turn the minced liver mixture into a bowl and beat in the drained breadcrumbs. Add the lemon thyme, the sage, a scrape of nutmeg, fresh-ground black pepper, and a very little salt. Smell the mixture to see if the flavouring is well balanced. Then break the egg and beat it into the bowl of minced liver mixture until it is well amalgamated. If you have a pestle and mortar the texture is considerably improved if the mixture is well pounded.

When it is smooth, and whatever method is used, grease a straight-sided jam-jar or earthenware pot with some bacon dripping or lard, and turn the mixture into it. Press it down a little, but see that there is enough room above the mixture to allow it to expand. Cover the top with at least two thicknesses of greased paper

and tie it down well. Put the container into a pan of gently boiling water, which should come about three-quarters of the way up the sides of the container. Put the lid on the pan and let the sausage steam for an hour and a quarter. Take it out of the pan and let it cool down. Turn it out when it is almost cold.

PRIMROSE HUBBARD

CURRIED WHITE FISH

First, the recipe for curry sauce. The rest of the dish is simplicity itself: the pieces of cooked fish are just put into the sauce, and the whole turned round till the fish is well blended in.

Here are the ingredients—enough to make curry for four people:

- 1 ounce of margarine
- 1 finely chopped onion—about golf-ball size
- 1 small chopped apple
- 1 dessertspoon of curry paste
- 2 level tablespoons of flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk—or quarter-pint of milk and quarter-pint fish or vegetable stock
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt
- 1 teaspoon of sugar
- 1 teaspoon of lemon juice
- 1 dessertspoon of these three: red jam, chutney juice, soaked sultanas
- Grated nutmeg—enough to powder a sixpence.

Fry the onion in margarine till soft but not brown. Blend in apple and curry paste. Stir in the flour, and continue stirring for about two minutes. Add the liquid and simmer and stir for five minutes, adding the rest of ingredients.

That is all for the sauce. By this time it should be thick and smooth. Now put in the pieces of

fish for blending and heating, and serve with boiled rice.

RUTH DREW

Notes on Contributors

- FRANÇOIS WEYMULLER (page 367): journalist, schoolmaster, and broadcaster; Press Attaché to the French Embassy in London, 1946-49
- RT. HON. HAROLD WILSON (page 371): M.P. (Labour) for the Huyton Division of Lancashire since 1950, and for the Ormskirk Division, 1945-50; President of the Board of Trade, 1947-51
- WOODROW WYATT (page 375): journalist; M.P. (Labour) for the Aston Division of Birmingham since 1945; Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for War, May-October, 1951; served in the army throughout the last war, attaining rank of Major
- MAJOR-GENERAL L. O. LYNE, C.B., D.S.O. (page 376): Chairman of the Executive Committee, United Nations Association; Military Governor, British Zone, Berlin, 1945; served as Divisional Commander during the last war
- C. V. WEDGWOOD (page 378): historian and biographer; author of *Montrose, William the Silent, The Thirty Years' War*, etc.
- J. Z. YOUNG, F.R.S. (page 382): Professor of Anatomy at University College, London; author of *Doubt and Certainty in Science* (the Reith Lectures of 1950)
- W. HAAS (page 386): Lecturer in German, University College, Cardiff

Crossword No. 1,140.

Missing Links.

By Zander

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, March 13

The Chain: 29-39-48-14-40-41D-26-31-6-47-23-24-18-1A-37. Each link of the above chain (except, of course, the last) is a synonymous clue to its successor, with an alternation of nouns and verbs in the sequence (e.g., LID—COVER—HIDE—PELT—STRIKE, etc.). These links are to be deduced, with the help of intersecting lights. The first and last links have a somewhat strained connection.

The 38 unchecked letters of the diagram are the letters of the following:
HAS ZANDER A HOPE? NO SIR, HIS SIN'S VERY SHOCKING.

CLUES—ACROSS

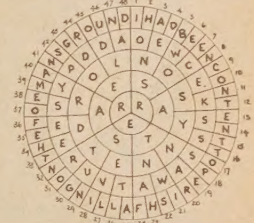
10. Decamp where the sun rises (6).
12. There's a mesmeric force with our reputation (5).
16. Solemnly ratifies and almost improves (5).
17. The Factory Acts (5).
20. Son of Caleb born in shame (5).
21. This short-billed rail sounds comparatively annoyed (4).
22. A canopy for Welshmen? (4).
28. Ancient East Anglians are not quite nice in retrospect (5).
30. Charles has lost his head in the trial (4).
33. A bustle to get on (4).
36. Bandy and shy (4).
41. Shemize? No, squeeze! (5).
42. Hardy shrub from the U.S.A. (5).
44. Stir, stir, the veins or nerves together (4).
45. Shaw made her —, we hear, but she achieved much! (5).
46. Make regular trips round the Festival without a blush (6).

DOWN

1. This custard begins to crack (5).
2. High-sounding Armenian (5).
3. Gray's house and Lincoln's Address? (4).
4. Loves to be seen embracing dog in N. Zealand (5).
5. Name of incomplete Greek division (3).
7. Made keen, made keen (5).
8. Mysterious foreign letter found in a whale (6).
9. English proceed laboriously; Scots rush (6).
11. Young Archer sprouts a tail, and it is gnawed (5).
13. River used by the Hussars (4).
15. Sternite of insect's abdominal segment, seen in an old city? (5).
19. Headless fish, a sanguinary mess—whoopee! (4).
20. Staffs comprising numerous experts (5).
21. Coalfish, sez he (5).
25. Hands come together at this height (4).
27. A small wheast-fly—what a demon! (5).
28. Uneasy sensations here; I must have a bad chest (6).
32. Spenser's idler with heart of gold? (5).
34. Exactly a pound, a matter of honour (4).
35. Shakespeare's courtier, or so he might become (5).
38. The scorpion's claw is learning Buddhism (5).
43. Tired traveller (3).

Solution of No. 1,138

Prizewinners: 1st prize: R. M. Jenkins (Havant); 2nd prize: G. B. Wallis (Rugby); 3rd prize: Miss M. Donovan (Gt. Malvern)



Quotation:

'I had been content to perish falling on the foeman's ground'

NOTES

Lord Tennyson, 'Locksley Hall'

Words and Sources: 1. irons (Shakespeare, 'King John', IV, 1). 2. horns (W. Morris, 'Two Red Roses'). 3. snare (FitzGerald, 'Omar Khayyam', 68). 4. rends. (Collins, 'Ode to Evening'). 5. brows (Drinkwater, 'January Dusk'). 6. swore (FitzGerald, 'Omar Khayyam', 70). 7. course (Coleridge, 'Ancient Mariner'). 8. scorn (Wordsworth, 'Sonnet'). 9. cates (Goldsmith, 'Deserted Village'). 10. arose (Shelley, 'Arethusa'). 11. ranks (Macaulay, 'Lays of Ancient Rome'). 12. stark (Browning, 'Childe Roland'). 13. years (Hardy, 'Oxen'). 14. yarns (Masefield, 'Sea Fever'). 15. stray (Gray, 'Elegy'). 16. satyr (Tennyson, 'Lucretius'). 17. stone (Lovelace, 'To Althea'). 18. spent (Milton, 'On His Blindness'). 19. eaten (Carroll, 'Walrus and Carpenter'). 20. entre (Shakespeare, 'Othello', I, 3). 21. twine (Arnold, 'Forsaken Merman'). 22. news (Shakespeare, 'Midsummer Night's Dream', II, 3). 23. thane (Shakespeare, 'Macbeth', I, 3). 24. after (Burns, 'Scots, wha hae'). 25. cease (Keats, 'Ode on a Grecian Urn'). 26. steel (E. B. B. owning, 'Musical Instrument'). 27. elves (Herrick, 'Oberon's Feast'). 28. sieve (Lear, 'The Jumbles'). 29. tunes (O. Sitwell, 'Coromandel'). 30. guest (Cory, 'Heracitus'). 31. store (Dryden, 'Alexander's Feast'). 32. stern (Wordsworth, 'Ode to Duty'). 33. trade (Newbolt, 'Drake's Drum'). 34. heard (Keats, 'Grecian Urn'). 35. eared (Keats, 'Endymion', III, 8). 36. fared (De la Mare, 'Isle of Lonz'). 37. roars (Tennyson, 'To Virgil'). 38. rears (Byron, 'Childe Harold', I, 77). 39. marry (Shakespeare, 'Merchant of Venice', IV, 1). 40. array (Macaulay, 'Lays of Ancient Rome'). 41. prone (Browning, 'Incident of French Camp'). 42. prose (Pope, 'To Augustus'). 43. gored (Jas. Thomson, 'Seasons (The Bull)'). 44. o der ('O God, our help'). 45. older (Poe, 'Annabel Lee'). 46. jured (Shelley, 'The Cloud'). 47. I. a. n. Cowper, 'Selkirk'. 48. alder (Longfellow, 'Hiawatha's Childhood').

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